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VOLTAIRE

BETWEEN the collapse of the Roman Empire and the Industrial Revolution, three men were the intellectual masters of Europe—Bernard of Clairvaux, Erasmus, and Voltaire. In Bernard the piety and the superstition of the Middle Ages attained their supreme embodiment; in Erasmus the learning and the humanity of the Renaissance. But Erasmus was a tragic figure. The great revolution in the human mind, of which he had been the presiding genius, ended in failure; he lived to see the tide of barbarism rising once more over the world; and it was left to Voltaire to carry off the final victory. By a curious irony, the Renaissance contained within itself the seeds of its ruin. That very enlightenment which seemed to be leading the way to the unlimited progress of the race involved Europe in the internecine struggles of nationalism and religion. England alone, by a series of accidents, of which the complexion of Anne Boleyn, a storm in the Channel, and the character of Charles I. were the most important, escaped disaster. There the spirit of Reason found for itself a not too precarious home; and by the beginning of the eighteenth century a civilization had been evolved which, in essentials, was not very far distant from the great ideals of the Renaissance. In the meantime the rest of Europe had relapsed into mediævalism. If Bernard of Clairvaux had returned to life at the end of the seventeenth century, he would have been perfectly at home at Madrid, and not at all uncomfortable at Versailles. At last, in France, the beginnings of a change became discernible. The incompetence of Louis XIV.'s government threw discredit upon the principles of bigotry and obscurantism; with the death of the old King there was a reaction among thinking men towards scepticism and toleration; and the movement was set on foot which ended, seventy-five years later, in the French Revolution. Of this movement Voltaire was the master spirit. For a generation he was the commander-in-chief in the great war against mediævalism. Eventually, by virtue of his extra-

ordinary literary skill, his incredible energy, and his tremendous force of character, he dominated Europe, and the victory was won. The upheaval which followed, though it was perhaps inevitable, would certainly not have pleased him; but the violence of the French Revolution and its disastrous consequences were evils of small magnitude compared with the new and terrible complication in which, at the very same moment, mankind became involved. The ironical Fates were at work again. By a strange chance, no sooner was mediævalism dead than industrialism was born. The mechanical ingenuity of a young man in Glasgow plunged the world into a whole series of enormous and utterly unexpected difficulties, which are still clamouring to be solved. Thus the progress which the Renaissance had envisioned, and which had seemed assured at the end of the eighteenth century, was once more side-tracked. Yet the work of Voltaire was not undone. Short of some overwhelming catastrophe, the doctrine which he preached—that life should be ruled, not by the dictates of tyranny and superstition, but by those of reason and humanity—can never be obliterated from the minds of men.

Voltaire's personal history was quite as remarkable as his public achievement. Sense and sensi-

bility were the two qualities which formed the woof and the warp of his life. Good sense was the basis of his being—that supreme good sense which shows itself not only in taste and judgment, but in every field of activity—in an agile adaptation of means to ends, in an unerring acumen in the practical affairs of the world; and Voltaire would probably have become a great lawyer, or possibly a great statesman, had not this fundamental characteristic of his been shot through and through by a vehement sensitiveness—a nervous susceptibility of amazing intensity, which impregnated his solidity with a fierce electric fluid, and made him an artist, an egotist, a delirious enthusiast, dancing, screaming, and gesticulating to the last moment of an extreme old age. This latter quality was no doubt largely the product of physical causes—of an over-

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strung nervous system and a highly capricious digestion. He was in fact an excellent example of his own theory, propounded when he was over eighty in the delicious "*Les Oreilles du Comte de Chesterfield*," that the prime factor in the world's history has always been *la chaise percée*. So constituted, it was almost inevitable that he should take to the profession of letters—the obvious career for a lively and intelligent young man—and, in particular, that he should write tragedies, the tragedy holding in those days the place of the novel in our own. Naturally, he was precocious; and by the time he was thirty he was a successful dramatist and a fashionable poet, enjoying a royal pension and the flattering attentions of high society. Then there was a catastrophe which changed his whole life. He quarrelled with the Chevalier de Rohan, was beaten by hired roughs, found himself ridiculed and cut by his fine friends, and finally shut up in the Bastille. This was the first of the long chain of circumstances which ultimately made him the champion of liberty in Europe. But for the Chevalier de Rohan he might have been engulfed in the successes and pleasures of the capital. The *coups de bâton* suddenly made him serious: never again was he satisfied with the state of the world.

The importance of his English exile, which followed, has usually been exaggerated. Voltaire did not need to learn infidelity from the English deists, and he never did learn very much about English political institutions. England was not a cause, but a symbol, of his discontent. His book upon the subject was his first definite declaration of war upon the old régime, and it was burnt accordingly by the common hangman. It might have been supposed that his course was now clear, that he was embarked, once and for all, on a career of struggle and propaganda. But this was not the case. Circumstance intervened once more, in the shape of the eccentric and terrific Madame du Châtelet, who carried him off to her remote country house, and kept him there for fifteen years engaged on scientific experiments. This long period, which filled the middle years of his life (from forty to fifty-five), though it seems at first sight to have been almost wasted, was in reality a blessing in disguise, for it gave him what was absolutely essential for his future work—a European reputation. When Madame du Châtelet died (at exactly the right moment), Voltaire was recognized not merely as the greatest living dramatist and poet, and as a brilliant exponent of new ideas, but as a man of encyclopædic knowledge, whose claim to rank as a solid and serious thinker it was impossible to dismiss. All that was needed to put the crown upon his celebrity was some piece of resoundingly personal *réclame*; and this was provided by the Berlin episode, with its splendid opening, its preposterous developments, its hectic climax, and its violent close.

At the age of sixty, Voltaire was the most famous man in the world. Yet it is strange to think that his fame was founded on achievements that were almost entirely ephemeral, and that if he had died then he would be remembered now merely as an overrated poet and a very clever man. His first sixty years were in reality nothing but an apprenticeship for those that were to follow. Settled down

at last at Ferney, on the borders of France and Switzerland, perfectly independent, with the large fortune which his business shrewdness had amassed for him, with his colossal reputation, and his pen, Voltaire began the work of his life. Apart from his personal prowess, most of the elements in the situation were favourable to him. The time was ripe: the new movement was like an engine which had slowly risen up a long and steep ascent, and was standing at the top, waiting for a master hand to propel it forward and downward with irresistible force. But there were two contingencies, either of which might at any moment have proved fatal. Everything depended upon Voltaire's continuing at Ferney for a considerable time: it was clearly impossible to *écraser l'infâme* in a year or so. Yet how many years could he count upon? With his abominable health, he had very little reason to hope for a long old age. Nevertheless, a very long old age was granted him. Incredible as it seemed, he lived to be eighty-four, maintaining the whole vigour of his extraordinary vitality to the last second of his existence: for a quarter of a century he worked with his full power. The other danger lay in the curious fact that he himself never quite realized the strength of his position. In his restless egotism, he was perpetually trying to get leave to return to Paris; and if he had succeeded the greater part of his influence would almost certainly have disappeared. At Ferney he was his own master; he was safe from the intrigues of the capital; and his remoteness invested him and everything about him with the mysterious grandeur of a myth. If the authorities had had the slightest foresight, they would have welcomed him with open arms to Paris, where his time would have been wasted in society, where his quarrelsomeness would have landed him sooner or later in some dreadful mess, where, inevitably, the "patriarch" would at last have vanished altogether in the very fallible old gentleman. It was the final stroke of luck in an amazingly lucky life that Voltaire should have been saved from his own folly by the folly of his enemies.

The history of the years at Ferney is written at large in that gigantic correspondence which forms one of the most impressive monuments of human energy known to the world. Besides the vast body of facts which it contains, besides the day-to-day record of a moving and memorable struggle, besides the exquisite beauty, the æsthetic perfection, of its form, there emerges from it, with peculiar distinctness, the vision of a human spirit. It cannot be said that that vision is altogether a pleasing one. There is a natural tendency—visible in England, perhaps, especially—towards the elegant embellishment of great men; and Voltaire has not escaped the process. In Miss Tallentyre's translation, for instance, of a small selection from his letters, with an introduction and notes,* Voltaire is presented to us as a kindly, gentle, respectable personage, a tolerant, broad-minded author, who ended his life as a country gentleman much interested in the drama and social reform. Such a picture would be merely ridiculous, if it were not calculated to mislead. The fact that Voltaire devoted his life to one of the

* VOLTAIRE IN HIS LETTERS. Being a selection from his correspondence. Translated with a Preface and Forewords by S. G. Tallentyre. Murray. 12s. net.

noblest of causes must not blind us to another fact—that he was personally a very ugly customer. He was a frantic, desperate fighter, to whom all means were excusable; he was a trickster, a rogue; he lied, he blasphemed, and he was extremely indecent. He was, too, quite devoid of dignity, adopting, whenever he saw fit, the wildest expedients and the most extravagant postures; there was, in fact, a strong element of farce in his character, which he had the wit to exploit for his own ends. At the same time he was inordinately vain, and mercilessly revengeful; he was as mischievous as a monkey, and as cruel as a cat. At times one fancies him as a puppet on wires, a creature raving in a mechanical frenzy—and then one remembers that lucid, piercing intellect, that overwhelming passion for reason and liberty. The contradiction is strange; but the world is full of strange contradictions; and, on the whole, it is more interesting, and also wiser, to face them than to hush them up.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

THE HOME OF SAMUEL BUTLER

IT took less than twenty years to establish Higgsworship in Erewhon. By the end of that time it had become the national religion. It is now seventeen years since Samuel Butler left Clifford's Inn in a chariot drawn by real horses, yet so far there is no trace of Butler-worship there.

From time to time sightseers stroll in from Fleet Street. They look, in a vague, apologetic way, at the temporary hut of the Army Spectacle Department, the tea-rooms round the corner, the shed where the dustbins are kept. Not one of them has ever been seen to take any special interest in No. 15.

It would be remarkable if they did. There is no tablet on it to show that Samuel Butler lived there for the last forty and all the productive years of his life. The very porter has forgotten the fact. The houses of Bloomsbury are sown thick as a graveyard with the names of celebrities of whom one has never heard. After a week in the Lake district strong men have been known to cry like babies at the very name of Wordsworth. The pavement of Cheyne Walk is worn as the pavement of St. Peter's. But the home of Samuel Butler stands unnoticed.

The fact remains that for forty years Clifford's Inn was the home of the man who after Darwin himself did more than anyone else to loosen from our backs the burden which our fathers had borne and bound in their turn on us—of the man who taught us to pray, "Lord, I do not believe one word of it; confirm and strengthen my disbelief"; who taught that disease is a crime, and crime a disease—that even the family is not a divine institution; whose merest platitudes are the epigrams of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells.

Butler was identified with Clifford's Inn as only solitary creatures are identified with places. The home of the family man is where his wife and children are, of the sociable man in society. For the man who lives in his thoughts it is the place where his thoughts have come to him. To this place he clings. For Samuel Butler this was Clifford's Inn and its environs:

Just by the Record Office is one of the places where I am especially prone to get ideas. So also is the other end [of

Fetter Lane], about the butcher's shop near Holborn. The reason in both cases is the same, namely, I have had time to settle down to reflection after leaving on the one hand my rooms in Clifford's Inn, and on the other Jones's rooms in Barnard's Inn, where I usually spend the evening. The subject which has occupied my mind during the day being approached anew after an interval and a shake, some fresh idea in connection with it often strikes me. But long before I knew Jones, Fetter Lane was always a street I was more in than perhaps any other in London. Leather Lane and the road through Lincoln's Inn to the Museum come next, then Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross.

He clung to these places. In 1864, at the age of 29, he settled in Clifford's Inn, attracted presumably by its odd beauty, its nearness to the British Museum, and its cheapness. This last consideration was important for many years. His private means were small. He had no profession. His books were, with the exception of "Erewhon," published at his own expense, and at a total loss of £778 18s. 1½d. The two things which he would have greatly cared about if he had had more money would have been "a few more country outings and a little more varied and better-cooked food." His father's death in 1886 gave him all this and more—"everything in fact that a reasonable man can wish for." But by this time he had taken root in the Inn, and he lived there until his death in 1902.

It would have been difficult for him to find a better home. Within half-an-hour he could walk to almost any place in London he was likely to want to go to. Through Lincoln's Inn and New Inn to the British Museum and the great squares of Bloomsbury. Down Fetter Lane or Chancery Lane to the Dutch garden in Staple Inn, and Jones's rooms in Barnard's Inn. Further on, across Holborn, down Gray's Inn Road to 184, Euston Road, "where Gogin lives, opposite St. Pancras' Church." Down court after court of the Temple to the river and the towers of Westminster. The place has a homeliness peculiar to the very centre of London. Its silence, deepened by the twittering of sparrows, breaks suddenly and kindly after the roar of the Strand and Fleet Street. The trees, the dark-red seventeenth-century brick, the cats asleep on the cobbles, are friendly and domestic after the cold angularity of the Law Courts and newspaper offices. The inhabitants are locked in at night by a white-bearded porter; the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the dairyman in Fetter Lane, are friendly and long-established as the shopkeepers round a village green.

Butler settled deep among these pleasant things. He liked to stand at his window overlooking the garden with its plane trees and fidgety sparrows. He even liked the bells of St. Dunstan's:

My St. Dunstan's bells near Clifford's Inn play doleful hymn tunes which enter in at my window. I not only do not dislike them, but rather like them; they are so silly and the bells are out of tune.

He took an interest in the ubiquitous cats:

People, when they want to get rid of their cats and do not like killing them, bring them to the garden of Clifford's Inn, drop them there and go away. In spite of all that is said about cats being able to find their way so wonderfully, they seldom do find it, and once in Clifford's Inn the cat generally remains there. The technical word among the laundresses in the Inn for this is "loosing a cat." "Poor thing, poor thing," said one old woman to me the other day, "it's got no fur on its head at all, and no doubt that's why the people she lived with lost her."

His fancy played about the place in a kind of "inspired silliness":

Last night Jones was walking down with me from Staple Inn to Clifford's Inn about 10 o'clock, and we saw the Great Bear standing upright on the tip of his tail, which was coming out of a chimney-pot. Jones said it wanted attending to. I said: "Yes, but to attend to it properly, we ought to sit up with it all night, and if the Great Bear thinks that I am going to sit up by his bedside all night and give him a spoonful of barley-water every ten minutes, he is very much mistaken."

How many a time must the Inn have echoed to such and much better things, and the laughter born of them—forgotten now, or perhaps latent in that overdue biography. One day the Inn will be as famous as Bolt Court or Cheyne Walk, when Butler has entered into that immortality, so obviously his birthright, so long withheld, which he longed for, but never courted, "Where breath breathes most in mouths of living men."

D. H.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

STRATO

Moeris, this evening, when we said "Good-night,"
Kissed me—I think—but I'm perplexed quite

Whether I dreamt or woke,
For all else, all she spoke
Or asked, I have quite plain;
Yet doubtful still I feel—
For if the kiss was real—

Why, how came I to earth again?

RUFINUS

With Reason I have armed my breast
Against Love's tyranny:
If single-handed he attack
He shall not conquer me.
My strength with his I'll boldly match,
A mortal's with a god's;
But if he call on Bacchus' aid,
How can I fight such odds?

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

Bit by a mad dog's poisoned fang, men say the beast
you see
In every water imaged clear; then sure mad Love in me
His bitter fangs hath set
Till they nigh met,
And with his frenzies wild
My soul beguiled;

For sea, pool, stream, aye, and the wine-cup too,
Show me one only image, dear, of you.

AGATHIAS

All the night long I moan, until there rise
Dawn, bringing some light boon of little sleep;
Then straightway round about me, with their cries
The swallows waken me, once more to weep.
Their clamour thrusts sweet slumber from my eyes,
My swollen eyes for wakefulness exchange it,
And wakefulness brings to my breast fresh sighs
And thoughts of fair Rhodanthe to derange it.
Peace, envious chatters! It was not I
That robbed poor Philomela of her tongue:
Go, weep for Itys, and wail seated nigh
The hoopoe's craggy nest, the hills among!
But let me sleep; some dream will come, maybe,
That with Rhodanthe's arms will circle me.

P. H. C. ALLEN.

P. H. C. Allen was killed in France in 1915, at the age of twenty-four. He was a scholar of Christ's Hospital and of Caius College, Cambridge. At the outbreak of the war, he was an assistant at the Ashmolean Museum. His friends knew him as a scholar and a critic of great promise.

REVIEWS

WAS THERE A SCOTTISH LITERATURE?

SCOTTISH LITERATURE: CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE. By G. Gregory Smith. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

WE suppose that there is an English literature, and Professor Gregory Smith supposes that there is a Scotch literature. When we assume that a literature exists we assume a great deal: we suppose that there is one of the five or six (at most) great organic formations of history. We do not suppose merely "a history," for there might be a history of Tamil literature; but a part of History, which for us is the history of Europe. We suppose not merely a corpus of writings in one language, but writings and writers between whom there is a tradition; and writers who are not merely connected by tradition in time, but who are related so as to be in the light of eternity contemporaneous, from a certain point of view cells in one body, Chaucer and Hardy. We suppose a mind which is not only the English mind of one period with its prejudices of politics and fashions of taste, but which is a greater, finer, more positive, more comprehensive mind than the mind of any period. And we suppose to each writer an importance which is not only individual, but due to his place as a constituent of this mind. When we suppose that there is a literature, therefore, we suppose a good deal.

Professor Gregory Smith assumes the existence of a Scottish literature more by the title of his book than by any assertion he makes. For in his treatment, which is fairminded, honest, intelligent and scholarly, he even supplies us with suggestions towards finding reasons to deny the existence of a Scottish literature. He has written a series of essays, dealing with what appears to be one subject, and the conclusion issues very honestly from his treatment that the unity of the subject is not literary but only geographical. What he has done is, because of the reflections it provokes, perhaps more interesting than either of two things he might have done. He might have written a handbook of writers who were born or flourished north of a frontier; such a book might have a practical utility, without giving occasion to any generalizations. Or he might have made a study of the Scotch mind. Such a study might have great interest on its own account, but at all events it is not part of Mr. Gregory Smith's intention. A book which contains no discussion of Scottish philosophy, which barely mentions the names of Hume and Reid, and only reports the personal dominance of Dugald Stewart in Edinburgh, does not pretend to be a study of the Scotch mind. It is only the Scotch mind in literature and belles-lettres that is charted. Because the book is neither a handbook nor a study of the Scotch mind, it is a study of Scotch literature in a sense which requires that there should be an organic formation.

What clearly comes out under Mr. Gregory Smith's handling is the fact that Scottish literature falls into several periods, and that these periods are related not so much to each other as to corresponding periods in English literature. The way in which Scottish literature has been indebted to English literature is different from the way in which English literature has been indebted to other literatures. English literature has not only, at times, been much affected by the Continent, but has sometimes, for the moment, even appeared to be thrown off its balance by foreign influence. But in the long run we can see that the continuity of the language has been the strongest thing; so that however much we need French or Italian literature to explain English literature

of any period, we need, to explain it, the English inheritance still more. Scottish literature lacks, in the first place, the continuity of the language. It is precisely in the years when English literature was acquiring the power of a world literature that the Scottish language was beginning to decay or to be abandoned. Gawain Douglas, in Tudor times, is perhaps the last great Scotch poet to write Scots with the same feeling toward the language, the same conviction, as an Englishman writing English. A hundred years later, a Scot unquestionably Scottish, one of the greatest prose writers of his time, Sir Thomas Urquhart, translated Rabelais into a language which is English.

Mr. Gregory Smith makes it copiously clear that Scots literature was the literature of the Lowlands, and that the Scot of the Lowlands was at all times much more closely in touch with his Southron enemy than with the Gaelic occasional ally. Whatever æsthetic agitation may have taken place in the Highland brain, the disturbance was not communicated to the Lowlander. We are quite at liberty to treat the Scots language as a dialect, as one of the several English dialects which gradually and inevitably amalgamated into one language. Only Scotland, more isolated, and differing from the others more than they differed from each other, retained its local peculiarities much longer. The first part of the history of Scottish literature is a part of the history of English literature when English was several dialects; the second part is a part of the history of English literature when English was two dialects—English and Scots; the third part is something quite different—it is the history of a provincial literature. And finally, there is no longer any tenable important distinction to be drawn for the present day between the two literatures.

Even if we inspect the earlier Scottish literature alone—if we take it at the period following Chaucer when nearly all the poetry of any permanent value was being produced in Scotland and not in England—we can see that Scots literature was assimilating English influence with a very different tendency from that which is evident in the English (or English including Scottish) assimilation of foreign literature. English, the more it borrowed and imitated, the more significantly it became English; the inclination of Scots literature toward English is the curve of its development toward English. And as we examine the periods of Scottish (not Scots) literature we see that there is no common denominator between the periods when Scottish literature was most important. It was important as a dialect among the other English dialects; it was important in the fifteenth century when English poetry was not important; and it was important, or rather Edinburgh literature was important, as a *provincial* literature about 1800. The last is not the importance of a separate literature; it is the importance of a provincial capital which at a certain time happens to contain as many or more men of importance than the metropolis. Edinburgh in 1800, of which Mr. Gregory Smith gives a pleasing glimpse, is analogous to Boston in America fifty years later. It was as interesting, perhaps for a moment more interesting, than London. But a provincial capital, even with the *Edinburgh* and *Blackwood's* of a hundred years ago, is the matter of a moment; it depends on the continuous supply of important men; the instant this supply falls off, the metropolis, even if suffering from a like poverty, gains the ascendancy. And then the important men turn to the metropolis.

It is true that Mr. Gregory Smith seeks for permanent characteristics of the Scottish mind which find expression in literature. But, with deference to his superior knowledge of his subject, the characteristics which he presents do not seem essential to literature, sufficient to mark any

significant *literary* difference. Neither the love of precise detail nor the love of the fantastic, which he finds in Scottish literature, is a literary trait; on the contrary, they are both more likely to be hostile to artistic perfection. Nor has the passion for antiquities, nor the persistence of local metres in verse, any extensive significance. To the extent to which writing becomes literature, these peculiarities are likely to be submerged.

We may even conclude it to be an evidence of strength, rather than of weakness, that the Scots language and the Scottish literature did not maintain a separate existence. It is not always recognized how fierce and fatal is the struggle for existence between literatures. In this struggle there is great advantage to be won if forces not too disparate can be united. Scottish, throwing in its luck with English, has not only much greater chance of survival, but contributes important elements of strength to complete the English: as, for instance, its philosophical and historical prose. A literature does not maintain itself simply by a continual production of great writers. The historian of literature must count with as shifting and as massive forces as the historian of politics. In the modern world the struggle of capitals of civilization is apparent on a large scale. A powerful literature, with a powerful capital, tends to attract and absorb all the drifting shreds of force about it. Up to a certain limit of dissimilarity, this fusion is of very great value. English and Scottish, probably English and Irish (if not prevented by political friction), are cognate enough for the union to be of value. The basis for one literature is one language. The danger of disintegration of English literature and language would arise if the same language were employed by peoples too remote (for geographical or other reasons) to be able to pool their differences in a common metropolis. The chances of its survival, as a language and a literature in the tradition of European civilization, would be diminished against such a concentrated force as the French. For France, of course, a different danger, real or apparent, has been announced, we believe in an intemperate and fanatical spirit, by such apostles of French culture as M. Maurras: the danger of attracting foreign forces which might be received without being digested. That is at present, we trust, not an imminent peril for Britain.

T. S. E.

INVOCATION AND PEACE CELEBRATION HYMN FOR THE BRITISH PEOPLES. By Robert Nichols. (Henderson. 1s. net.)—Here is an English poet attempting satire, taking the comic seriously, as the great masters were not ashamed of doing in the giant days before the flood. We should be glad; for the art of satiric writing has not been practised, with any gusto or any success, these hundred years and more. We should be glad that Mr. Nichols has at last rushed in where the Victorians feared to tread; but when we have read his "Invocation" we are only a little melancholy that the art of Donne, of Dryden, of Pope and Churchill, of Defoe and Swift and Byron, should have come, at last, to this. Mr. Nichols has done good work in other branches of poetry; but satire, as this rather damp squib only too clearly shows is not in his line. As we read it we are reminded of nothing so much as of a rhymed translation of Goethe's "Faust" by some ingenious scholar brought up in the school of Browning. It has the distorted sentences, the painfully funny rhymes, the humour bent and blunted in the translating, of a rendering from some other tongue. Donne's satires were not satirical because they were written in lines that sometimes required fingers to compute as well as ears to hear the metre: they were satirical because they were supremely witty. Mr. Nichols's poem has all the tongue twisting qualities of a satire by Donne, but none of its wit. He lays about him lustily, but his weapon is Harlequin's wooden sword; it does not penetrate.

"THESE ARE THE PLANS"

POEMS. By Donald F. Goold Johnson. With a Prefatory Note by P. Giles, Litt.D. (Cambridge, University Press. 4s. 6d. net.)

MARLBOROUGH; AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Hamilton Sorley. Fourth Edition. (Cambridge, University Press. 5s. net.)

POETRY is a much safer refuge than prose. A large number of the young men who left behind them enough verse to fill a little book before they were killed evidently wrote poetry because it allowed them to express their feelings without a sense of irriticence. This rhyme, this metre, these old poetical phrases, serve as a mask behind which the writer dares say something that he would blush to say with the inflection of everyday speech in prose. Poets, of course, come to poetry from quite a different direction, but Mr. Donald Johnson does not make us feel that he was by nature a poet. No doubt he would have written poetry, and no doubt he would have burned it. But things being as they were, his friends killed, his life changed, himself ordered from a Cambridge library to the front with the likelihood of death, feelings that would have faded unrecorded, some that would never have been felt at all or without such intensity, were necessarily expressed, and poetry was less of an effort, more of a disguise, than prose. For one reason or another, therefore, there are a number of poems in his book which make an appeal, perhaps not strictly poetic, to the reader's sympathies:

Look long on the last lilac ere it fade;
So soon it dies; and when it flowers again
Thy body in the still earth will be laid,
Asleep to memory, and numb to pain;
Deaf to earth's music; and for thee no more
The crocus-shower'd laburnum shall awake,
And to the dawn its dancing tresses shake—
Tresses more radiant than Apollo wore.

The sonnet from which these lines are taken is called "Spring, 1915"; and in 1916 its writer was dead. So again with "A Memory," "The Wish," and "L'Inconnue." Our knowledge of his circumstances gives these poems an intensity beyond their poetic merit, though when he wrote directly of what he felt he wrote far better than elsewhere. The longer poems upon classical subjects are such exercises as might well occupy the leisure of a scholar engaged, as Mr. Johnson was engaged at the outbreak of war, upon the text of Chaucer; they would teach him to read his text with greater understanding; but, personal feeling being absent and words used much as pieces in a poetic puzzle, these exercises have little independent life of their own.

So far as we can read Charles Sorley's character between the lines of his book, nothing would have annoyed him more than to find himself acclaimed either a poet or a hero. He was far too genuine a writer not to be disgusted by any praise implying that his work, at the stage it had reached, was more than a promise and an experiment. It is indeed largely because Charles Sorley was experimental, here trying his hand at narrative, here at description, always making an effort to shed the conventional style and press more closely to his conception, that one is convinced that he was destined, whether in prose or in verse, to be a writer of considerable power. The writer's problem presented itself very early in his life. Here at Marlborough, where he was at school, the downs showed themselves not, as other poets have seen them, soft, flowery, seductive, but stony, rain-beaten, wind-blown beneath a clay-coloured sky. He tried to put down in verse his delight in that aspect of nature and his corresponding notion of a race of men

Stern, sterile, senseless, mute, unknown,
But bold, O, bolder far than we!

He tried to say how much had been revealed to him when

he wandered, as he was fond of doing, alone among the downs:

I who have walked along her downs in dreams,
And known her tenderness, and felt her might,
And sometimes by her meadows and her streams
Have drunk deep-storied secrets of delight,

Have had my times, when, though the earth did wear
Her selfsame trees and grasses, I could see
The revelation that is always there,
But somehow is not always clear to me.

Succeeding these schoolboy attempts at landscape comes the natural mood of feeling that beauty is better not expressed, and that his spirit, compared with the spirits of the poets, is dumb. Running alongside of them, also, is his characteristic view—or the view that was characteristic of that stage of his life—of our modern sin of inactivity. The rain beats and the wind blows, but we are sluggish and quiescent—

We do not see the vital point
That 'tis the eighth, most deadly, sin
To wail, "The world is out of joint"—
And not attempt to put it in.
We question, answer, make defence,
We sneer, we scoff, we criticize,
We wail and moan our decadence,
Enquire, investigate, surmise—

We might of course cap these verses with a stanza to prove that Sorley found satisfaction in the outbreak of war, and died bidding men

On, marching men, on
To the gates of death with song.
Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,
So you may be glad though sleeping,
Strew your gladness on earth's bed.
So be merry, so be dead.

And yet from the evidence of his poetry, and still more from the evidence of his remarkable prose, it is clear that Sorley was as far from trumping up a precocious solution, as ready to upset all his convictions and be off on a fresh track, as any other boy with a mind awakening daily more widely to the complexity of things, and naturally incapable of a dishonest or sentimental conclusion. "A Call to Action," from which we have quoted, was written when Sorley, at the age of seventeen, was going through a phase of admiration for the work of Mr. Masfield. And then came a time, in Germany, of "setting up and smashing of deities," Masfield and Hardy and Goethe being the gods to suffer, while Ibsen and the *Odyssey* and Robert Browning inherited the vacant pedestals. Almost at once the war broke out.

I'm sure the German nature is the nicest in the world, as far as it is not warped by the German Empire [he wrote]. I regard the war as one between sisters . . . the efficient and intolerant against the casual and sympathetic . . . but I think that tolerance is the larger virtue of the two, and efficiency must be her servant. So I am quite glad to fight against the rebellious servant . . . Now you know what Sorley thinks about it.

"What Sorley thinks about it" appears to us of extreme interest, because, as our quotations have tried to show, Sorley thought for himself, and fate contrived that the young men of his generation should have opportunities for doing the thinking of a lifetime in a very few years. Such opportunities for changing his mind and moving on Sorley used to the full. There was, directly he joined the army, the problem of what he called "the poorer classes." "The public school boy," he said, "should live among them to learn a little Christianity; for they are so extraordinarily nice to one another." After that reflection there comes, a page or two later, the remark: "I have had a conventional education: Oxford would have coked it." So his dream for next year is to be perhaps in Mexico, selling cloth.

Or in Russia, doing Lord knows what: in Serbia or the Balkans: in England never. England remains the dream, the background: at once the memory, and the ideal . . . Details can wait—perhaps for ever. These are the plans.

It is upon the plans rather than upon the details that one is inclined to dwell, asking oneself to what goal this generation, captained by men of such vigour and clear-sightedness as Sorley, was making its way.

We know not whom we trust
Nor whitherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great wide air,

are lines from an early poem that seem to express a force yet undirected seeking a new channel. But the poems are more than scattered details to be used to illustrate an imaginary career. They have often enough literary merit to stand upon their own feet independently of any personal considerations. They have the still rarer merit of suggesting that the writer is so well aware of his own purpose that he is content to leave a roughness here, a jingle there, for the sake of getting on quickly to the next stage. What the finished work, the final aim, would have been we can only guess, for Charles Sorley at the age of twenty was killed near Hulluch. V.W.

THE TOURNAMENT

THE TOURNAMENT: ITS PERIODS AND PHASES. By R. Coltman Clephan. (Methuen. 42s. net.)

THE subject of which this book treats is somewhat worn, as since the days of Meyrick, Hewitt, and Way and the romantic but inaccurate writings of Sir Walter Scott we have had in England alone froulkes, Cripps-Day and many others who have endeavoured to confine their descriptions to such good authorities as inventories, chronicles and generally contemporaneous documents. But, as Mr. Clephan remarks, "monkish chronicles written in times not contemporaneous with the events they describe are usually unreliable, in being coloured with the circumstances of a later date." So also with illuminated MSS., the handsome Froissarts in London and Paris having been executed some hundred years later than the events portrayed. When we get eyewitnesses like Froissart, Monstrelet, St. Remy, La Marche and others we are on safer ground, but we are often unsuccessfully looking for details which were too commonplace for these writers to record.

For the earlier instances of tournaments in England we are especially confined to the notices of such events by persons who were not, if we may say so, professionals. In the sixteenth century we have the more detailed accounts by Hall and others, but the occasions for these sports seem to have been more worthy of record than the sports themselves. Public entertainments, receptions of ambassadors, and important anniversaries such as Queen's day (November 17) were the chief occasions when the public had a chance of seeing jousts and foot combats. And then it was in the earlier instances glory and distinction that were aimed at. The only money aspect of the struggles was the large amount spent on handsome armour, well-trained horses and general splendour. But a serious regard for personal safety had even then much increased. The institution of the tilt or separation between the horses, thicker armour and other changes soon reduced the tournament to the mild sport of running at the ring and the "Carrousel," when riders pelted their opponents with plaster eggs. The Great Rebellion stopped even such mild sports, but the death of Henry II. of France no doubt was a very important reason for their decay. Since the seventeenth century there have been a few mild attempts to revive the tournament, but the old spirit which animated those who took part in such exercises, if it had not quite died down, was diverted

into other channels, and prizefighting, fencing and other sports succeeded in attracting public interest, just as football, tennis, and cricket now do.

We all know of the magnificent but (so far as weather was concerned) unfortunate so-called glories of the Eglinton Tournament in 1839, and in spite of practising with a dummy joust on wheels and without nerves, the living performers made a poor exhibition.

It is curious that in 1778, on the occasion of the departure from Philadelphia of the popular Sir W. Howe, his admirers got up what they called a "Mischanza," a sort of a gymkhana which consisted of a regatta and a tournament where six Knights of the Blended Rose with their squires contended with six Knights of the Burning Mountain as to the relative charms of various ladies. The knights, of course, had no armour, but broke their lances on their opponents' shields.

Probably the best revival of the mediæval jousting was seen at the Royal Military Tournament in 1906, when, with professional soldiers and trained horses, lances were shivered in ancient style. Even then the reasonableness of the old armourer was seen, or rather felt, for, the lance-rest not being used, the successful rider felt on his wrist the effect of the blow or attaint more than did the recipient.

It will probably be some time before the student will be able to visit the armouries of Vienna, Dresden, and Sigmaringen,, so we are grateful to Mr. Clephan for his many references to that ponderous but rare work "Freydal," from which he has culled much information as to the very many forms of fighting on horse and on foot which flourished widely in Germany. The different weapons used are also explained, though he has omitted mention of the "Wurfbeil" or "Spitzhammer" which occurs on plate 19 of "Freydal" and is a very rare weapon. The "Langspuss" is surely not, as he says, a short lance, but a spear about seven or eight feet long with leaf-shaped head.

In "Freydal" are seen representations of 130 mounted contests, comprising some 10 varieties. Some of these differ only in the matter of equipment or weapons, and some are in open field, while others are with the tilt. In most of them Maximilian gets the better of his opponent, though in a few cases both combatants are unhorsed. Great as is the variety of these contests, Leber, in his history of Rauhen, enumerates no fewer than 30 different kinds of mounted encounters.

In Germany about the middle of the fifteenth century foot combats were not reckoned among knightly sports: Maximilian, however, by the active part he took in such contests, and the fame acquired on many fields by the Landsknechts, induced many of the nobles to follow his example. In this class of fighting the weapons employed were very numerous. Five sorts of swords, many varieties of staff weapons, and shields of many kinds are seen in Freydal. The armour to protect the fighters in these affairs must have been pretty stout, but, oddly enough, in none of the fights, mounted or on foot, does there appear to have been occasion for the services of a surgeon. In the "Schefflin" (javelin) fight and in the dagger fights are seen some of the grips familiar to readers of Marozzo's work of 1536 and the "Fior di Battaglia" of 1410.

Mr. Clephan, besides giving us such an insight into the German tournaments, which, indeed, were a larger feature of the life of the upper classes than in any other country, widens the subject by reference to duels and trials by combat. The book is handsomely got up, and the illustrations are numerous and good. A pleasing feature is the acknowledgment of the sources whence so much has been drawn, which, with the excellent bibliography of the subject, induces further study.

INDIA'S PAST TO-DAY

CEYLON AND THE HOLLANDERS, 1658—1796. By P. E. Pieris. (Ceylon, Tellippalai, American Ceylon Mission Press.)
 INDIA'S NATION BUILDERS. By D. N. Bannerjea. (Headley. 7s. 6d. net.)
 THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA. By Ernest Barker. (Methuen. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE zest with which England seems at last to be throwing herself into plans for the future of India draws not a little of its force from a study of the past. Indian history used to be thought dull and unintelligible. Very few like Thackeray could revel in Orme: Colonel Newcome did not find many imitators till after the Mutiny, when study was recharged with passion. The generations during which Scotsmen ruled India were not prolific in attractive literature. Scotsmen are slow of study, and Scots administrators have always been immersed in the practice of their profession, and have employed any leisure which they might devote to literature rather to theory than to romance. And it is through romance, there can be no doubt, that India is at last winning due interest from Englishmen. Yet, after all, a Scotsman was one of the first to arouse that interest: "The Surgeon's Daughter" will not be despised by any lover of India or by any lover of Scott.

Now at last Indian writers are becoming familiar to English readers; and Mr. Bannerjea very fitly begins his account of his country's Nation Builders by a sketch of the influence of Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore. The great Indian poet, steeped in the legends of his country's past, extracts from them an ideal which is new, and which has become vital to-day. In history India never claimed, perhaps never wished, to be free. Conservatism was its central thought. But Tagore says:

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high,
 Where knowledge is free,
 Where the world has not been broken up by narrow domestic walls,
 Where words come out from the depth of truth,
 Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way in the dreary
 desert sand of dead habit,
 Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought
 and action,
 Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake!

Three books before us illustrate the transition in thought and its causes. The first deals with what is now closely linked to India, the great island whose history is so much more homogeneous, Ceylon. "Ceylon and the Hollanders, 1658-1796," is a sketch of the transition between mediæval and modern times, which was there accomplished under the rule of the Netherlands. Never really successful in India, or successful only in challenging the dominion of the Portuguese, the Dutch made a much greater impression on Ceylon. It was as masters of trade that the Hollanders were supreme. They had all the craft of the commercial traveller. But they remained aloof from the inhabitants in a way the Portuguese never had done. While the Christianity of St. Francis Xavier has kept Goa Christian to-day, the Dutch Protestants who replaced the Roman missionaries in Ceylon made hardly any impression. The Christianity of the island, quite powerful, is of English rather than Dutch origin. The Dutch rule was stained by avarice and tyranny. The English conquest in 1796 was a deliverance. Of the Dutch settlers Dr. Pieris says quite truly:

Flattery and adulation were their daily food, and they gradually learnt to consider themselves so superior to those about them, that they needed not to acquire even a little book learning or adequately [to] qualify themselves for future service. In the few cases where a proper tutor was provided, the influence of the familiar slaves soon destroyed the effects of such moral teaching as he conveyed to them. The result was that the Ceylon-born Hollander degenerated rapidly, and his ambition did not extend much beyond eating and drinking.

Whatever modern nationalists may say about India,

there is no doubt at all of the wholesome result of the English conquest of Ceylon.

The Sinhalese are very unlike the Indians. That Buddhism still flourishes among them and has practically disappeared from India proper is an illustration of the historic difference. We do not yet hear a cry of Home Rule for Ceylon. If we relied only on Mr. Bannerjea's book, we might think that such a cry was not important in India. He is nothing if not discreet. But Mr. William Archer arouses him to irony and anger. Mr. Kipling is "the roughrider of Imperialism." Lord Curzon is an apostle of "that Neo-Imperialism which teaches that Asiatic nations must sit for all time at the footstool of European civilizations." The builders of a new Indian nation must be Indians. It is natural for an Indian to think so. But Bal Gangadhar Tilak, Arabinda Ghose, and Lala Lajpat Rai are not likely to build a nation which can survive the storms of time. The result of the recent trial must be taken to prove that Sir Valentine Chirol did not rashly or vindictively interpret the language of some of the personages whom Mr. Bannerjea takes for heroes. In truth, it is a strange series which he puts before us. Ram Mohan Roy, Keshab Chandra Sen, Swami Daya-Nanda Saraswati, Syed Ahmad Khan, Dadabhoi Naoroji, Swami Vivekananda, Gopala Krishna Gokhale, Gandhi, Banurji: these are names which do little more than show how far we are yet from seeing a united India. At one moment Mr. Bannerjea seems to think with Keshab Chandra Sen in his most enlightened moments. At another he believes that Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal is the first to inaugurate an Indian theory of the State, and that the creed in India to-day which has a spiritual future before it is Nationalism.

An Englishman would say, in his rough fashion, that the only one of these "nation builders" who is a man of genius is Rabindra Nath Tagore, who says that "India has never had a real sense of Nationalism," who would not "thrust off Western civilization," who holds that the "real problem in India is not political: it is social."

Meanwhile "the men of the plains," the patient workers of the Civil Service and the Educational Service, the teachers and magistrates, the judges and collectors, and the soldiers too, are trying to deal with the problems that are social; and no one who knows India recently can deny their success. But for the moment the political problem has come to the top. How far this is due to English excitement and English constitution-mongers we are hardly yet able to judge. But the tide now sets strongly in favour of an English autocracy, in the hands of a Secretary of State in London, before whom all lesser powers in England and in India are being broken down, to leave him confronted with a new democratic constitution in India: a dyarchy, which will be as evident in Imperial as it is in provincial government. And here an Oxford tutor, who has left few subjects in politics and government without the benefit of his opinion, steps in with an analysis of the Montagu-Chelmsford report and some criticisms of it from civilian sources. His view is limited: he would scorn, it seems, to "think imperially"; and he hardly appears to have thought of India as a constituent part of a great world power. He is content very briefly to analyse the Report, and then to confront us with the views of those who most certainly are fully competent to criticize it. A letter which he quotes points out the necessity for full discussion, without which—and amendment too—"there is grave risk, almost amounting to a certainty, that India will be saddled with a makeshift artificial constitution which will be unworkable in practice and probably lead to most dangerous results." Criticism has hardly been allowed: official lips have for the most part been sealed by a "rule of the service" which certainly has sometimes led to disaster. It is significant to find,

when we do get to criticism, that the very subjects which should be "transferred," in the view of competent administrators, are those which the Report would reserve: Revenue Administration, Law and Justice. And while the constitution-mongers think that the executive must be the servant of the Legislature, the practical men know that the reverse is true: "the Executive is, and must remain, the master."

Points such as these can only be seen clearly in the light of India's past. Mr. Ernest Barker seems more concerned to make such a constitution as might have satisfied the Abbé Sieyès, and then to be sure that it is "consonant with liberal principles," than to relate the future of India to her past. And this we believe to be more within the power of the man on the spot, whose knowledge and boldness and sympathy are certain.

'A NEST OF SINGING BIRDS'

THE MAITLAND FOLIO MANUSCRIPT. Edited by W. A. Craigie. Vol. I. (Edinburgh, Scottish Text Society.)

TO cultivate literature, even on a little oatmeal, requires comparative peace, and sixteenth-century Scotland was not the place to find it. North of the Highland line semi-barbarism reigned, mitigated by the patriarchal authority of the great earls; south of it lay a turbulent medley of boisterous lordships, continually in strife with each other and with the central government unless when they were forced into some appearance of unity by war with the English. Half way through the century the Reformation added to the troubles of the land a new set of spoils for the lords, a new source of discord among the worthy, a new excuse for the interference with Scottish affairs of France and England. It was, then and for long after, a poor country, with little or no foreign trade, and few corporate towns. No great poetry, and rarely, indeed, even little masterpieces, come into being in conditions of this kind: the audience for them does not exist.

Middle Scots poetry is especially handicapped by the fact that we know of it only through the eyes of anthologists. England being a rich country, every line of Lydgate or Hoccleve is preserved in vellum MSS., duplicated over and over, while their less successful compeers usually were able to provide for the immortality of their collected works either in manuscript or print. Scottish poetry of the period is almost entirely preserved in three anthologies: the Asloan MS. (written about 1518), now in the possession of Lord Talbot de Malahide; the Bannatyne MS., mainly written in 1568 to employ the enforced leisure of plague-time; and the Maitland MSS. in the Pepys Library at Cambridge, collected by Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, and presented by his descendant, the Duke of Lauderdale, to Samuel Pepys. Of the two volumes, one, in quarto, was copied by Maitland's daughter in 1586; the other, in folio, here reproduced, was put together at various times, from about 1550 till his death in 1587. It consists of some forty-one poems of his own composition, some seventy pieces of Dunbar, and a large number of other pieces of various authorship.

The manuscript had suffered some damage before it came into Pepys's hands, and it was bound for him in some disorder, which Dr. Craigie enables us to correct. We can now see that it is made up of (1) an earlier MS. of Dunbar (pp. 1-20 and 413-18, 49-298), which contains nearly all his important work known to us; (2) a collection of Maitland's own poems, and of a number of others, mostly anonymous (pp. 21-48, 299-412); and (3) some later miscellaneous additions.

The poems of Maitland need not detain us long. They reflect his character, grave, accomplished, courtly, judicially minded, and his circumstances, detached by blindness

from his former activities, unable to protect himself from enemies, foreign and native, limited to advice where he might have commanded. His verse is of value as a mirror of the manner and habits of thinking of his age, and as a clue to the personality through whose means we know his predecessors. A comparison with the contents of the Bannatyne MS. emphasizes their different standards of selection.

But the poems of Dunbar, and some of the anonymous poems Maitland preserved, are the very flower of pre-Reformation Scottish poetry. But for him we should have lost "Peblis to the Play" and the "Murning Maiden," "King Hart," and the "Twa Mariit Wemen," with many less well-known pieces. If he had any part in the primary collection, which may be put as about 1550, some twenty years after Dunbar's death, his taste, or his lack of industry, has finally fixed Dunbar's reputation for all time. The poet's work has been so fully praised and appraised that little new or useful can be said about it as it stands. It seems to us that the absence of any work important by plan or length is fatal to his claim to be counted among the greater poets, though we feel it incredible that the leading "maker" of his day should never have written a poem of more than 600 lines. It is small compensation to be able to say that this was his first and greatest advantage over Hoccleve and Lydgate.

The Scottish tongue in Dunbar's day was not a fitting medium for lyricism; its means of expression were neither copious nor flexible, and Scotland itself was not a nation of singers, but of flyters and fighters. The ballads which are the chief glory of its literature had, yet to come, and if there were lyrists, their work found no favour with the anthologists of the century. The popular taste was for the broad humour of the fabliaux, as witness "The Twa Mariit Wemen and the Wedo," "The Freiris of Berwik" (whether Dunbar's or no), and so on. The flytings correspond to a coarser taste, producing a sort of gritty Rabelaisian effect, piling up epithets, all abusive and most of them irrelevant, whether we refer to "Roule Cursing" (for the loss of a sheep) or the contest between Dunbar and Kennedy. The goliardic verses are less goliardic than macaronic, and probably only presage the Latinization of thought which was to sterilize the native poetry of the sixteenth century: the aureate language was a concession to what people felt they ought to like, while the "complaints" were "common form." Chaucer had made them; why not Dunbar and all the rest?

One is at first astonished at the absence of national sentiment displayed. Wyntoun's "Duke of Orleans' Defence of the Scots" and Steel's "Ring of the Roy Robert," with Maitland's rejoicing at the capture of Calais by the French, are the only traces of it. But men who know both sides of war seldom have much to say in favour of it, while the national spirit of Scotland could hardly be expressed to patrons intriguing in turn with France and England. A gentle cynicism, a melancholy knowledge of the world, an enforcement of the theological note—these characterize the verse of the century as it waxes and begins to wane. The search for artistic build of verse was transferred to Latin, and Dunbar's mastery of intricate stanza, his richness of rime and alliteration, were forgotten. By the time of Mary it was too late for poetry.

The fact that Dr. Craigie has reserved his critical notes on the language and text of these poems happily excuses us half our task. He has given a number of reproductions of the original, and comes out triumphantly from the confrontation of text and facsimile, a thing which does not often happen. This text was essential to the study of Middle Scots and of its verse, and the Scottish Text Society are greatly to be congratulated on its publication.

R. S.

THE PATH TO REUNION

TOWARDS REUNION. By Church of England and Free Church Writers. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

DESPITE the friction and resentment caused by premature attempts at "reunion," that resemble nothing so much as the chaining together of the prisoners on the old French hulks, the labour of Christian scholars to reach a firm ground of agreement on first principles continues, and demands sympathetic study. The present volume is the fruit of such labours. Based on conferences, held at Mansfield College, between the Broad-Evangelical section of Anglicanism and representative Free Church clergy, it is open, no doubt, to the criticism that the groups concerned had never any serious divergences; but, though this lessens its value as a practical step to reunion, it does not detract from its worth as a general contribution to the problem. What encouragement, then, may be derived from these essays?

To begin with, there is a welcome recognition of the idea of Catholicity in the broadest sense. Proper stress is laid on the danger of allowing external organization to hinder the spiritual objects for which it exists; but there is no perceptible tendency to regard the visible Church as a *tolerabilis ineptia* or a degradation of the invisible ideal. The rights of local churches, and even of local congregations, are jealously guarded (especially in Dr. Vernon Bartlet's essay); but there is a general acknowledgment that local autonomies should not be allowed to frustrate the claims of universal brotherhood. There will be a temptation among those who are most remote from the standpoint of the writers to underrate the importance of this *rapprochement*. But it may prove the first step that costs most towards unity.

Moreover, on the thorny question of church organization there are marks of a better understanding. The Free Church contributors make no peremptory rejection of episcopacy. And one of the Anglican essayists, Dr. A. J. Carlyle, does good service in cutting away the historical accretions on the episcopal office, and reducing it to its primitive shape and dimensions. Episcopacy is not identical with prelacy. The feudal Bishop of the Middle Ages with his enormous subject diocese, and the Caroline Bishop with his disagreeable character as a wheel in a centralized royal bureaucracy, are not figures that the most rigid Episcopalian would revive to-day. When Dr. Garvie contends that the Presbyterian minister, with his council of elders and administrative diaconate, is, so far as form goes, the best modern representative of the early congregational episcopate, he is not to be contradicted. The way of reform lies in that direction, and there is ample evidence that the Free Churchman of our times will not be pedantic in his Congregationalism.

Discord, however, declares itself (not between the writers of these essays, but between them and those they have to convert) when we pass from the "historic episcopate" to the idea of an "apostolic episcopate." Dr. Bartlet, who proclaims "the laying of the ghost of 'Apostolic succession,'" gives the tone here. Repudiation of the principle is based by him and Dr. Garvie on Hort's view that the Apostles were not a college of ecclesiastical rulers, but a group of qualified witnesses to the Resurrection, who enjoyed only a "moral authority" in the Church. This theory was founded by its author on a subtle and microscopic investigation of the New Testament evidence, and could not be met except by an analysis of equal length. The New Testament is not a code of canon law, but a narrative of principles expressing themselves in action. Hence it is difficult to adduce palmary citations of Apostolic authority which are completely free from ambiguity. It is from the cumulative effect of the details in the picture that we must draw our conclusion whether or no the Twelve

were the effective centre of spiritual authority. But the first chapter of Acts is surely significant. What motive had such an informal group as is supposed for carefully filling the vacancy in their ranks which had been created by the fall of Judas? This was the act of a college, not of a circle. And in the case of this, as of other Protestant theories of ecclesiastical origins, the old question of Newman finds no satisfying answer. How came the truth to be so rapidly and universally submerged in the very community from which the New Testament books proceeded? As a trial to faith that deluge outdoes even Noah's.

AN EARLY WOMAN PILGRIM

THE PILGRIMAGE OF ETHERIA. Edited by M. L. McClure and C. L. Feltoe. (S.P.C.K. 6s. net.)—She travelled from the West of Europe, perhaps from "somewhere in France," to Palestine; made her way to Egypt and the Sinai peninsula; on returning to Jerusalem, started for Mesopotamia, and made her way back, via Chalcedon, to Constantinople. By this time she had spent about four years in the East. But her zest for religious sightseeing was unquenched. She is on the point of a tour to Ephesus, for the sake of visiting the seat of the Apostle John, when her diary breaks off. It is written to and for the nuns of her establishment in Western Europe. So much is plain. But who the abbess was is not so clear. Was she Silvia of Aquitaine, or Galla Placidia, or Etheria? Dr. Feltoe, who has edited Mrs. McClure's posthumous version of the document, votes for Etheria, Dom Férotin's candidate, in which case the tour must have taken place towards the close of the fourth century. This would not make Etheria the first woman who went on pilgrimage to the East, or who left a journal behind her. But it would invest the fragmentary record with singular interest.

In any case, Etheria, or whoever she was, must have been a woman of pluck as well as of piety. Travelling abroad in those days was not luxurious; it had many discomforts and some real dangers, especially when pilgrims went off the beaten track, where Christian hospitality supplied the rôle of modern inns. Etheria required an escort of Roman soldiers on the Egyptian frontier. And this is one of several indications that she was a woman of importance, probably an abbess, who had some influence in high quarters.

The good abbess had an exclusively religious interest in her tours, and a naïve belief in the local traditions. She reports, for example, a church at the place of the burning bush, and the fact that the "same bush is alive to this day, and throws out shoots"! At the same time she honestly admits that the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned could not be seen. The bishop said it had disappeared six years earlier in the waters of the Dead Sea. Etheria's minute and patient quest for ecclesiastical sites and buildings makes her record important for the topography of Palestine in the early centuries. This has been widely recognized since the document was discovered in 1887. But the reason why a translation has been issued in the Liturgical series of "Translations of Christian Literature" is that she wrote a special account of the church services and ritual at Jerusalem, believing that her nuns would be edified by such information. A number of notes makes this part of her journal useful to the student of primitive worship. Dr. Feltoe is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has laid bare the elements of such a technical subject. The introduction is a competent guide to the fuller literature of the document, and there is an excellent index.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS will shortly issue "Henry the Sixth" a reprint of John Blacman's memoir with translation and notes by Dr. M. R. James Provost of Eton. This "tract on the personality of Henry VI." has hitherto been almost inaccessible to ordinary students, knowledge of it depending upon Copland's edition of 1510. This text was reprinted by Thomas Hearne in 1732, and in the present reprint Dr. James has reprinted Hearne's text and collated it with Copland's.

TAGORE AS A NOVELIST

THE HOME AND THE WORLD. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

WHEN a writer of Tagore's genius produces such a sentence as "Passion is beautiful and pure—pure as the lily that comes out of the slimy soil; it rises superior to its defilement and needs no Pears' soap to wash it clean"—he raises some interesting questions. The sentence is not attractive—in fact, it is a Babu sentence—and what does Tagore, generally so attractive, intend by it? Is he being dramatic, and providing a Babu of his creation with appropriate English, or is he being satirical, or was there some rococo charm that has vanished in the translation, or is it an experiment that has not quite come off? Probably an experiment, for throughout the book one is puzzled by bad tastes that verge upon bad taste. The theme is so beautiful; here it is, beautifully stated:—

While the day is bright and the world in the pursuit of its numberless tasks crowds around, then it seems as if my life wants nothing else. But when the colours of the sky fade away and the blinds are drawn down over the windows of heaven, then my heart tells me that evening falls just for the purpose of shutting out the world, to mark the time when the darkness must be filled with the One . . . that work alone cannot be the truth of life, that work is not the be-all and the end-all of man, for man is not simply a sorf—even though the serfdom be of the True and the Good.

But when the theme is developed, one receives inappropriate emotions, and feels that the contrast is not so much between the Home and the World as between the well-bred and the ill-bred. The Home is not really a home, but a retreat for seemly meditation upon infinity. And the World—it proves to be a sphere not for "numberless tasks," but for a boarding-house flirtation that masks itself in mystic or patriotic talk. The action is laid in Bengal, during the Swadeshi movement, and it leads up to the theft of Rs. 6,000. How, why, and by whom were the Rs. 6,000 stolen from the safe? Tagore is scarcely at his soundest when speculating on such problems. Not here, O Nirvana, are haunts meet for thee, and we learn without emotion that they were stolen by a wife from her husband for the Cause, that they were misappropriated by an amorous and amoral Babu, and that they led to the death of another Babu, who was chivalrous and young. The tragedy is skilfully told, but it all seems to be about nothing, and this is because the contrast does not work out as the writer intends. He meant the wife to be seduced by the World, which is, with all its sins, a tremendous lover; she is actually seduced by a West Kensingtonian Babu, who addresses her as "Queen Bee," and in warmer moments as "Bee." In spite of the beautiful writing and the subtle metaphor and the noble outlook that are inseparable from Tagore's work, this strain of vulgarity persists. It is external, not essential, but it is there; the writer has been experimenting with matter whose properties he does not quite understand.

Why should he care to experiment? Here is a more profitable but more difficult question. Having triumphed in Chitra or Gitanjali, why should he indite a "roman à trois" with all the hackneyed situations from which novelists are trying to emancipate themselves in the West? These Bengalis—they are an extraordinary people. Probably this is the answer. They are more modern and mentally more adventurous than any of the other races in the Indian peninsula. They like trying, and failures do not discompose them, because they have interest in the constitution of the world. They have in a single generation produced Tagore and Bose, innovators both, and the people that has done that will not rest content. In literature, as in science, they must work over the results of the West on the chance of their proving of use, and one expects that the younger writers will reject the experiment of "The Home and the World," and will adopt some freer form.

E. M. F.

A "POSER"

THE LAND THEY LOVED. By G. D. Cummins. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

A WOMAN is standing on the deck of an Atlantic liner, straining to catch the first glimpse of the Irish coast. She is "nearly five foot eight in height, with handsome features and a stately carriage . . . with this straightness of carriage there was a looseness of limb, a certain deft grace in all her movements, that made her a remarkable figure . . ." We are told that she has come home because of a craving in her blood for the fields and wide spaces, because she was conscious that any life away from Ireland could never satisfy her profoundly. Whence exactly came these strange urgings of the spirit she did not know, but they were strong enough to drive her back to her brother's farm . . . "The memory of old forgotten times came drifting back to her from the outlying spaces of her mind as she watched and waited now." Thinking of the joy of working in the field again, of the warm welcome awaiting her from her brother Denis and Aunt Maggie, Kate Carmody wept tears of joy.

And all happened just as she had expected—if anything, better than she had expected. For the war had brought prosperity to Droumavalla; the seven fat years seemed to be there. On the evening of her return, Kate went for a walk alone, and overcome she "knelt down and took up a little of the earth, cradling it for a moment in the palms of her hands and then letting it slip slowly through her fingers. Ah! how she loved the land . . ."

There is one difference. Many of the boys are gone to fight; her two boon companions, Steve and Michael Turpin, both are dead—one in France, one, a Sinn Féiner, killed in the Dublin rebellion. Only one brother, Eugene, is left, and he is lamed from a hurley match. This is a terrible shock to Kate. Dimly she had always thought that one day she would marry Steve or Michael; it is more terrible still for her to find that Eugene is a weak creature, father-ridden, obedient as a dog to his bullying old father for fear that the old man will leave the farm away from him. For, like Kate, Eugene has one passion. It is for the land. Nevertheless, he has the courage to ask Kate to marry him; but although she is tempted to, because of the part of him that is like his darling brothers, his cowardice and weakness shame her. She'll never marry any but "a whole man."

So far, Mr. Cummins succeeds in conveying, with astonishing ease and freshness, the charm of that country. As we read we seem to wade into its flowering beauty and warmth until we are lost like children wading in a ripe meadow. Sharply he pulls us up. No, Kate won't have Eugene; she won't stay in Droumavalla. Off she goes to Dublin, and after a series of gloomy vicissitudes, she takes a position as cook at a salary of eighteen pounds a year, becomes very proud of having a fat policeman in her kitchen, devours servants' novelettes, and on her marketing jaunts is thrilled to the marrow by salmon-pink dinner-blouses in a dingy draper's. Good-bye to the land. Here is the area gate—the butcher's boy and the baker's boy. Here's for high tragedy the fact she can't get all the sugar she wants for her tea.

There is a last act when, finding she does not really love the policeman, she hands him over to the housemaid, and returns to the farm to find Eugene's old father dead, and Eugene a changed man—a whole man, the biggest man in the district, and still wishful to marry her.

Kate found it difficult to realize she had got back to the old life, and that her future would be lived with the man who walked beside her, this man who was so beautiful, so gentle, and yet so strong.

We find it incredibly difficult to understand why Mr. Cummins ruined so promising a book by ever taking her away from it.

K. M.

WOMEN'S WAGES

THE WAGES OF MEN AND WOMEN: SHOULD THEY BE EQUAL? By Mrs. Sidney Webb. (Fabian Society and Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.)—All good democrats know that it is the function of the majority to rule and of the minority to be right. It is in minority reports, too, that wise men look for truth and progress. Mr. and Mrs. Webb's names are indissolubly linked with minority reports, and here again we find Mrs. Webb signing and publishing a minority report—on the wages of women. This time she was in a minority of one. The occasion was the appointment of a War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry, which was "to investigate and report on the relation which should be maintained between the wages of women and men," and also on whether the Government pledge with respect to women's wages had been carried out. Mrs. Webb's little book is a valuable analysis of the problem of women's wages, marked by that intellectual lucidity which should form the basis of rational social reform and of which the absence is so conspicuous in social reformers. Mrs. Webb, indeed, carries her passion for intellectual lucidity too far: she appears sometimes to be so concerned with getting her own thoughts quite clear that she sacrifices verbal lucidity as well as verbal beauty. There is no necessity and no excuse for writing, even in a Minority Report, sentences like the following:

We may note, to begin with, that there is nothing in the enforcement of uniform minimum rates over the whole field of industry, instead of leaving the wages of a considerable part of the manual workers to be regulated entirely by individual bargaining, that need to be expected to diminish the aggregate volume of employment.

This, it need hardly be said, is exactly what, in the interests of maximum production, is what is desirable.

But the report has, as a contribution to the vexed and complicated question of women's wages, a real value. Mrs. Webb takes one by one the suggested principles for adjusting the wages of women and men, examines them with great lucidity and acumen, and rejects or accepts them. The principles accepted by her are (1) a national minimum, (2) an occupational rate, (3) the adjustment of money wages to meet increases in the cost of living, (4) requirement of a definite qualification for an occupation, (5) a closer correspondence of occupational rates to relative efforts and needs. Anyone conversant with the controversies which have turned upon women's wages will see at once that the individuality of Mrs. Webb's conclusions comes as much from the principles which she has rejected as from those which she has accepted. Most obvious is the omission of the principle of "equal pay for equal work." It would be impossible in a review to deal with her able and detailed analysis of this principle, but it must be admitted that she makes out a strong case for its rejection on the ground of ambiguity. And it should be noted that a great deal of what she takes away with one hand in rejecting this principle she returns with the other in her first two principles and by rejecting the principle of "the vested interest of the male." Moreover, her attitude on this question is necessarily determined by her view, which is really the basis of her report, that "the present inequality between men's and women's earnings . . . is only part of a larger question, the inequality between the incomes of those who live by owning and organizing the instruments of production, and the incomes of those who live by using those instruments." Hence the acceptance of her last principle, and her recommendation that inquiry be held into the whole question of the inequalities of occupational rates and personal incomes.

MISS MONICA M. GARDNER in a new work entitled "The Anonymous Poet of Poland," to be published by the Cambridge University Press, aims at giving the English reader some idea of Zygmunt Krasinski as poet, patriot and mystic. She has let the poet speak mainly for himself, both in his work and letters, and has given extensive translations.

AN extraordinary demand has occurred during the past few weeks for a work that was published between thirty and forty years ago, written by the late Clements R. Markham, entitled "The War between Peru and Chili." Messrs. Sampson Low have reprinted two thousand five hundred copies out of which over two thousand have been sold.

THE GEORGE ELIOT CENTENARY

AT Nuneaton certainly, from Wednesday to Saturday of last week, the spirit of George Eliot seemed veritably reincarnate. Civic dignity gave its heartiest support to the Centenary celebrations, and Mr. Charles A. Farmer brought—from Birmingham—the tireless energy of his skill in pageantry to the brilliant production of a street procession and a pastoral play.

The visitor, perhaps, was most happily impressed by the thousands of children in old-world costume, so gaily dominating the whole spectacle. They marched the streets, they danced and sang in the Park, they worked at the literary and musical competitions—all well-trained, all in their places, and all—obviously—enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. If school-days at Nuneaton are controlled with anything like the energy and sympathy which have been devoted to this occasion, then is that town fortunate indeed.

Both in play and pageant Mr. Farmer carried his symbolism to the full limit of dramatic effect, linking a close interpretation of all George Eliot's novels on to the varied activities—past and present—of the neighbourhood, and other well-chosen phases of English life and costume in Victoria's days. Spinners and weavers mingled with men from the coal-pits; we saw nurses and firemen; cars with characters from Walt Whitman, James Watt, and Charles Kingsley. While at Wednesday's "Century" costume ball, brocades and crinolines did not hinder their wearers from alternating between the fox-trot and the waltz.

Among so many revels, time was found for the more purely intellectual interests of the occasion. At the opening of the celebrations the Bishop of Birmingham gave an eloquent address on the "Inspiration of Great Citizens"; maintaining that George Eliot inspired her readers to make the most of their lives, and spurred them to high achievement; claiming her as a pioneer in the cause of improved housing, higher education, and an ideal for home teaching.

Professor Granville Bantock made the competitions (which revealed great local talent) the occasion for many pointed and purposeful comments on music and elocution as both essential to culture; and at every one of the Mayor's daily luncheons different speakers brought up some new subject to illustrate the influence of George Eliot on Higher Thought.

Madame Sarah Grand was unable to give her lecture on Thursday, but the last day's proceedings were opened by an estimate of George Eliot as a pioneer of the woman's movement in which the lecturer, Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, maintained that her work was in its essence both feminine and womanly, crowning the influence of women upon English fiction; saying the last word for Woman upon Life, Character, and Morality—in days when any challenge to the accepted masculine interpretation needed a strong mind, a vivid imagination, and fine courage.

Out of these celebrations those who have piloted the venture so successfully are determined to erect a permanent memorial to the genius in their midst. It is proposed, moreover, to establish a George Eliot Society (which would closely resemble that already associated with the Brontës). There is obviously much good work that could be accomplished by such a society, which—fitly originating from the surroundings of her childhood—would stimulate interest in the great novelist the world over. Those who would care to join, and particularly—of course—those who would be willing to busy themselves with establishing the Society, are invited to communicate with the Editor of the *Nuneaton Chronicle*.

AN interesting literary prize competition is announced, dealing with "The Second Period of Quakerism," by Mr. Wm. C. Braithwaite, the banker-lawyer of Banbury. It is suggested that the essay should bring out practical lessons of the book on the element of adventure in the Christian Church to-day. Those desiring to enter for the competition should write for particulars to Mr. E. E. Taylor, Bannisdale, Malton, Yorks.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS is about to issue "Seven Hymns or Spiritual Songs" which were written, both words and music, by Thomas Campion, M.D., and were originally published in 1613. The selection is from "The First Book of Ayres," and has been edited by the Rev. W. H. Draper and Mr. Willoughby Williams, organist of Leeds Parish Church.

Science

STAR TYPES

THE fact that stars differ in colour suggests a scheme of classification; but for this purpose difference in colour must be defined in some way that permits of measurement. It is found that the most convenient measure of colour is afforded by the fact that the magnitude of a star as determined by visual methods differs from its magnitude as determined by examination of its image on a photographic plate. The difference, photographic minus visual magnitude, is called the colour-index of the star. By measuring the colour-indices of a number of stars, and classifying the results it is found that they fall into certain groups or types. Another method of classification is suggested if the spectroscope be employed. While it is roughly true to say that the spectroscope gives evidence that the universe of stars is composed of very much the same chemical elements as are found on earth, yet there are marked differences in the spectra of various stars due apparently to the very different physical conditions. Classification by spectra permits of a very considerable degree of subdivision, and the history of spectra classification has been one of increasing complexity. The process is by no means complete, but the broad lines of division are now pretty well defined. It is not necessary to give here a catalogue of the various spectral types into which the stars are divided; the subject has its own difficulties, due largely to the fact that physical conditions must exist in such vast bodies, raised as they are in many cases to enormous temperatures, that cannot be reproduced in terrestrial laboratories. Nevertheless, although some uncertainty still exists on not unimportant points, the main deductions from spectrum characteristics may be accepted with confidence. It is interesting to note that there is a close correlation between the classification by colour-index and the classification by spectral type. This is not altogether surprising since both are connected with the temperature of the star.

The information provided by the spectroscope, coupled with the determinations of the apparent positions of the stars in the sky, would not, by itself, carry us very far, although it is doubtless suggestive, particularly if combined with an hypothesis connecting the spectral type of a star with its age. But the spectroscope is able to supply us with another item of information. It was shown by Doppler that, just as an approaching locomotive whistle rises in pitch when approaching us and diminishes as it recedes, so the spectrum emitted by a source of light should change as it approaches or recedes from the observer. Doppler concluded from this, incorrectly, that a change of colour should occur, because he did not take into account those regions of the spectrum, at either end of it, which are invisible. The actual change in the spectrum is shown, not by a change in colour, but in the shifting of the spectrum lines towards one end or the other of the spectrum. The spectrum of a star, compared with a terrestrial spectrum, will show a shift towards the violet or red end of the spectrum according as the star is approaching or receding from the earth. These radial velocities may be measured directly in miles, unlike most stellar measurements, which are made in angles. Although the observed shift in the spectral lines is very small this method permits of a remarkable degree of accuracy; in some cases a probable error of less than one quarter of a kilometre per second may be obtained. Observed velocities greater than sixty kilometres per second are not very common, although a velocity of over three hundred kilometres per second has been found. These measures are only measures of the velocity in the line of sight, so

that the total speed of a star must sometimes be very considerable. A difficulty is imported into the measurements by the existence of numerous spectroscopic binary stars. It was long ago found, by ordinary visual observations, that numerous pairs of stars exist, revolving round one another. With the application of the spectroscope to the stars it became clear that there were many pairs of stars too close to one another to be separated even in the most powerful telescopes: their existence could only be deduced from peculiarities in the spectrum of the apparently single star. In such pairs the orbital motion is often much larger than the true radial velocity, and observations must extend over a long period before the two motions can be disentangled.

So far we have considered measurements of velocities in the line of sight. Besides these there are the so-called proper motions of the stars. Careful measurements made on the position occupied by a star in the heavens show that this position is not fixed. If sufficient time be allowed to elapse between the measurements it is found that the star describes a small arc in the sky. Of course, before this motion can be translated into miles we must know the distance of the star, but nevertheless the apparent angular motions of the stars furnish information of great value. These proper motions differ greatly in magnitude, but, in the case of the naked-eye stars at any rate, the observations already made are usually sufficient to determine them. Although the detection of the proper motion of a star is not in general a very difficult matter, yet the measurements are sufficiently minute. An average motion may be taken as being three to seven seconds per century. There are considerable variations. Thus a comparison of different photographs made at the Cape Observatory revealed, in the case of one star, a proper motion of eight hundred and seventy seconds per century, a speed which would carry it over an arc equal to the length of Orion's belt in about a thousand years. Here again then, in spectral types, in radial velocities and in proper motions, we find evidence of great diversity amongst the stars.

S.

THE sixth annual report of the Director of the Solar Physics Observatory, Cambridge University, relates to the year 1918, April 1, to 1919, March 31. The work done is grouped under three heads: A, Stellar Work; B, Solar Work; C, Meteorological Physics. The first group includes the examination of the Harvard Classification of Spectra for the range F to Mb, and also A0 to A9. It appears that in the Harvard A0 are included spectra which differ considerably from one another, and may be divided into two fairly definite groups. Lines of unknown origin have been investigated. The Nova in Aquila, discovered on June 8, 1918, has been extensively photographed, and the conclusions to be drawn from the spectrum changes, if interpreted as radial velocities, have been studied. Other Novæ are also discussed. In Group B are included the examinations of the Kodaikanal spectroheliograms, examinations of the spectra of sun-spots, and the study of the Greenwich sun-spot records of 1889-1912. Suggestive evidence of new relations has been discovered. Mr. C. T. R. Wilson's very interesting investigations on the electric field of thunderstorms are summarized under Group C.

A JOINT session of the Royal Asiatic Society, the Société Asiatique, the American Oriental Society, and the Scuola Orientale, R. Università di Roma, will be held on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, September 3-6 in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, W.1, ending with a banquet on Saturday, September 6. The proceedings will include a visit to the Oriental Rooms of the British Museum on the afternoon of September 4, and a visit to the School of Oriental Studies on the afternoon of September 5. Offers of hospitality on the part of members and friends residing in the London area will be cordially appreciated. They should be addressed as soon as convenient to the Secretary, Miss Eleanor Hull, 22, Albemarle Street, W.1.

Fine Arts

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

BURLINGTON GALLERY. Exhibition of Modern Art.
REMBRANDT GALLERY. The German Fleet and its Guards, by
 W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

THE exhibition at the Burlington Gallery contains works by Gregory Brown, W. Redworth, Frances Drummond, C. Hannaford and other artists, and would be more correctly called an Exhibition of Contemporary Art; since the word "modern" in connection with art has acquired a certain special significance. The only one of the artists in this collection who can claim any relation with modernity in this sense is Mr. Gregory Brown, and he is well known as the poster artist of the Underground Railway and to-day of Bournville cocoa. Indeed, the drawback of his pictures is that somehow one feels they lack the familiar lettering; they are designed to catch, to arrest, but there is little evidence that, once the first shock of pleasurable acquaintance has passed, they would mellow and ripen in the imagination with the passage of time. The best is "Spring" (3), a complex scheme founded on a vivid red note in the foreground. Mr. Redworth's "From Bisham Hill" is charming in design, but would be better if the rhythm in the sky, which echoes the silhouette of the landscape, were emphasized. At present the weakness of the relation between the two leaves the picture unbalanced. Miss Drummond's gardens are more pleasant than such garden pictures usually are. She is sensitive to the vivid notes of flowers, and translates them without crudity. Mr. Hannaford is a young man with plenty of force, but one feels that he is more occupied with reproduction than with realization.

Mr. Wyllie started work about the time when Whistler was trying to hammer some sense into the English public. But Mr. Wyllie learned nothing from him. He has collected almost all the faults of the British School, and has retained none of their virtues. I do not know why the painting of battleships seems to stimulate so much bad art, for there is something monumental in the ship of war, and something which stirs the imagination, but no artist ever seems to seize upon it. I think the worst picture in the exhibition is the largest one, "The Surrender of the German Fleet," a long panel with a large ship crammed into one side, nothing to balance it anywhere else but a few small objects (presumably the Germans), no sense of mass, no sense of plane, no sense of design, and no expression in the colour—nothing but a rather painful elaboration of inconsequent detail. J. G.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION AT COLCHESTER

IN spite of the war this venerable antiquarian society has contrived to preserve the continuity of its annual congresses, and during the past four years it has never failed to hold its yearly meeting. Relieved from the strain of national anxieties, the Association has this year been celebrating its Seventy-third Congress at the ancient town of Colchester as a centre, visiting the various places of archaeological and historical interest in the surrounding district, not only in Essex, but extending its researches across the Suffolk border. The Congress met on July 23, remaining in session until the following Saturday, under the presidency of Mr. Charles E. Keyser, F.S.A., and the members were welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation of Colchester and a distinguished Reception Committee, including the Lord Lieutenant of Essex, Lord Lambourne; the High Steward of the Borough, Viscount Cowdray; the officials of the Essex Archæological Society, the Bishops of Chelmsford and Colchester and the late Bishop of Barking, and other leading gentlemen of the shire.

It is curious that during its long career the Association should never have held its Congress at Colchester before. The Royal Archæological Institute visited the town in 1876, on which occasion the famous historian Dr. Freeman presided, and there was a bitter war of words between him and a gentleman who accused the Doctor of slighting the memory

of the Colchester heroes, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle. No such passage of arms occurred to mar the harmony, of the recent Congress.

The afternoon of the first day was devoted to a perambulation of the town, which contains many objects of antiquarian interest. The first building visited was Holy Trinity Church, which has a Saxon tower composed mainly of Roman brick. Colchester was a quarry of Roman bricks, and the existing Roman work served as a model for the Saxon builders. The Association was fortunate enough to have the service of Mr. Philip M. Johnston, F.S.A., who, with consummate architectural knowledge, explained the details of this church and of the many others visited during the Congress. An interesting mazer was exhibited by the vicar. St. Botolph's Priory, which has been admirably restored by H.M. Office of Works, the fine gateway of St. John's Abbey, St. Giles's Church, and the old Tudor inn, now known as the "Marquis of Granby," with its timbered hall recently restored, were next inspected, and Dr. P. G. Laver learnedly described the Roman wall and the Balkearne Gate. In the evening, at the Moot Hall, the Mayor held the official reception, when Mr. Keyser delivered his Presidential Address, and a paper was read by Bishop Thomas Stevens, formerly Bishop of Barking, on "The Roman Occupation of Colchester."

On the following day the members visited "Siege House," which played an important part in the siege of the town and still shows its scars, and the churches of Ardleigh and Dedham, which were admirably described by Canon Rendall, formerly headmaster of Charterhouse School. In the afternoon the famous Norman keep and Museum were inspected under the guidance of Alderman Benham, Councillor Jarmin, and Mr. A. G. Wright, the Curator. The exhibits include important collections obtained from the great Roman cemeteries outside the walls of the town. Many of the objects are arranged in groups as discovered, and the collection ranks as one of the most important in Northern Europe in its relation to Roman colonial life during the first four centuries of the Christian era. The Norman keep is the largest in the kingdom, and was designed by the architect, Bishop Gundulf, who built the Tower of London. It was not built by Eudo, as is commonly stated, but was granted to him as Constable by William Rufus. A large amount of Roman brick was employed in its construction, and arranged in herringbone fashion. The gateway with its curious carvings, the underground vaults, quadrangle, and prison were examined. It is understood that the castle, which has for many years been the property of the Round family, will pass into the possession of the town. In the evening Alderman Benham read a paper on "The Legend of King Coel and Helena, as culled from the Ancient Records of Colchester," and there was an exhibition of the Borough Records and other objects of interest.

Friday was occupied by a long drive, during which Earl's Colne was visited, and the effigies of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, at the Priory, were inspected under the guidance of the Rev. T. H. Curling, Secretary of the Essex Archæological Society. In the course of this memorable drive the members inspected Halstead, Stanstead Hall, Little Maplestead (a preceptory of the Knights Hospitallers), Castle Hedingham keep (the interior of which has been burned unhappily during the war), and the church—one of the most interesting in England; Sudbury with its two churches of St. Gregory and St. Peter, in the former of which is preserved the head of Simon of Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was beheaded by Wat Tyler in 1381; Long Melford Church and the Hall, a fine Elizabethan mansion; and Kentwell Hall. In the evening a lecture was given by Councillor Jarmin on "The Story of the Siege of Colchester."

On the morning of Saturday, July 26, a visit was paid to Copford Church, which contains a remarkable series of mural paintings, and to the noble mansion of Layer Marney, with its adjoining church; and some of the party extended the drive to the interesting churches of Messing and East Thorpe. The latter possesses some faint wall-paintings on the jamb of a window.

After luncheon at the Red Lion Hotel the Congress concluded its session and the members dispersed. They will retain happy recollections of their tours in Essex and Suffolk, and of the cordial hospitality extended to them.

P. H. D.

OBITUARY

SIR EDWARD POYNTER died on Saturday last, July 25, at the age of eighty-three. He was President of the Royal Academy from 1896 to 1918, and Director of the National Gallery from 1894 to 1905. It is unprofitable to enter into a detailed criticism of work with which we have little sympathy. Poynter's painting was devoid of all the qualities which distinguish creative art. He was indeed typical of a number of Royal Academicians who come under the same condemnation, but he differed from those whom he represented chiefly in that he lacked the saving grace of technical accomplishment. It would be hard to conceive a more lifeless realism than that of the portraits by which he is chiefly known to the present generation. It is strange to remember that his friends in Gleyre's studio, where he studied in the sixties, were George du Maurier and Whistler, and stranger still to recall that they remained his life-long friends, seeing that he was the embodiment of all that Whistler fought against. Perhaps it was precisely because of Poynter's deficiencies as an artist that the friendship was possible.

Still we have to remember that in his own day Poynter fought a battle for artistic freedom. His "Visit to Æsculapius" (1880) was a vindication of the artist's right to paint and to exhibit the nude, and we may congratulate ourselves that it was bought by the Chantrey Bequest, for it undoubtedly possesses a documentary value for the history of Philistinism in England. And we must acknowledge that it required some courage in the newly-elected Associate to take his stand. Poynter's stewardship of the National Gallery was, in the opinion of many, positively harmful; the more charitable will content themselves by saying that it was undistinguished.

MR. G. A. STOREY, R.A., died on Tuesday, July 29, at the age of eighty-five. Almost an exact contemporary of Poynter, he holds a very different place in the affections and estimation of to-day. Those who visited the Academy of 1914 will remember the shock of surprise with which they encountered an obscurely hung portrait of a lady (the artist's mother), and the greater shock when they learned that it was the work of a man of eighty who had been for something over thirty years an Associate of the Academy. The conscientious craftsmanship and the evident sincerity of emotion, the precise and subtle fragrance of the very positive element of good in the Victorian attitude, were a minor revelation. One could see from this work, which has luckily been acquired for the Tate Gallery, why he was in the Pre-Raphaelite days regarded as a potential rival of Millais.

It is evident from Mr. Storey's book published in 1899, "Sketches from Memory," that he knew exactly what he was doing, what he was losing, and what gaining, when he abandoned his original impulse to found his work upon Velasquez. He had decided that he had to make a living, and that the only way to make it was by painting pseudo-historical costume pictures for the Academy. He had no illusions, and perhaps it was because (in his book) he refused to allow his Academical colleagues to have any that his election to R.A. was so long delayed. It is pleasant to think that in his portraits he was free to go the way he would have chosen if he had had the courage. In natural ability he stood head and shoulders above many of his more famous colleagues, and he has at least left a few portraits behind him which will outlast their works by many years.

NOTES ON ART SALES

MESSRS. CHRISTIE sold the collections of drawings and pictures of the late Mr. B. A. Groves and of Major Platt on July 21. Mr. Sampson secured a water-colour drawing by Birket Foster, "The Watering-Place," 13in. by 19½in., for £378, and a picture of sheep and ducks in a pasture, 42in. by 62in., dated 1873, by E. Verboeckhoven, for £267. The water-colour drawing by J. Israëls called "Meal-time," 21in. by 21½in., realized £299 (Peacock).

The sale on the 22nd comprised original etchings and modern prints. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's "London Set" of 12 in the original portfolio fetched £147 (Wilson), and his "Rosslyn" was bought for £45 3s. by Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach, who also purchased Mr. Muirhead Bone's "Ayr Prison," framed, for £115 10s., and "Master Lambton," after Lawrence by S. Cousins, first state, for £126. "Lady Acland and Children," after and by the same, first state, and "Sir Thomas Dyke Acland," after W. Owen by S. W. Reynolds, went for £63 (McEwen).

Music

A SPANISH BALLET

THE performance of Manuel de Falla's Spanish ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat," and of Ravel's one-act opera, "L'Heure Espagnole," within a few days of each other, afforded an interesting comparison of methods. Both works deal with Spanish subjects, but whereas the opera gives us Spain as seen by a Frenchman, the ballet presents the Spain of a Spaniard. De Falla, who is one of the most notable among the younger generation of Spanish composers, has hitherto been little known in this country. Only a few of his pianoforte pieces and songs have been heard in London. These showed him to be, like many young composers of the present day, a brilliant pianist and an ingenious writer for his instrument, with a very interesting and individual way of treating traditional Spanish themes and subjects in the modern idiom.

From a musical point of view Spain has for generations been a sort of Ruritania, an imaginary country which existed only as a department of the theatrical costumier's warehouse. Thanks to Albeniz, Granados and others, we are at last beginning to realize that Spain has a musical life of its own. Albeniz and Granados were both very largely under German influences, like most nineteenth-century composers, and their German idiom, while on the one hand it serves to make their ideas clearer to musicians who have never crossed the Pyrenees, relegates them on the other hand so completely to the past that modern audiences are inclined to find them somewhat tediously conventional. This judgment is perhaps hasty and unjust. They used the German harmonic system, and we therefore expect from them the German sense of construction. They strike us as interminably rambling and obscure in design; they seem never to be clear in their minds as to whether they wish to be directly descriptive or whether they are setting out to write "abstract music." They had, in fact, new ideas to express, but had not found the new forms in which to express them. For they had to give us not merely Spanish themes—anyone can take Spanish tunes from a book and utilize them in a conventional way—but a Spanish outlook on them and a Spanish outlook on music in general.

De Falla arrives at an opportune moment. He finds here in London an audience ready prepared with a knowledge of his Spanish predecessors, and with a knowledge, too, of Stravinsky and other non-Spanish composers whom he has evidently studied to some purpose. Such an audience his music requires, and even from such an audience his music requires more than one hearing. Ravel's opera is in the main French, both in conception and in treatment; he sketches with a light hand the "eternal triangle" (which in this case is pentagonal):

Un financier et un poète,
Un époux ridicule, une femme coquette,
Qui se servent pour leurs discours
De vers tantôt longs, tantôt courts,
Au rythme qui se casse,
A la rime cocasse,
Avec un peu d'Espagne autour!

The *peu d'Espagne* is mere surface decoration; it is the conventional Spanish style of a French composer, treating the obvious with airy elegance. But to the Spanish composer Spain is a serious matter. Even in a comic story he regards airy elegance as suited only to such characters as are intended to be foolish and affected. The dancing bears out the same conception of Spain, and Spaniards who saw the performance marvelled at the skill and insight with which the Russian dancers had caught the essential spirit of their country. It is a ballet of

passionate movements and powerful rhythms, even in its gayest episodes. The orchestration is not always very felicitous, partly because the composer has viewed his work too much as a pianist, and partly from a desire to emphasize the heavy, stamping character of the Spanish dance. At a first hearing one feels that it is almost too intellectual, and that the ballet stands in need of a point of repose, of an emotional climax such as occurs in "The Good-Humoured Ladies" when Costanza dances to the Sonata in B minor. But as one gets to know the music better the subsidiary parts fall gradually into their proper place and the emotion begins to come through. Intellectual the music still remains, and the more so by contrast with the barbaric style of Stravinsky. Even when he is obviously imitating certain effects in "Pétrouchka," De Falla has more affinity with Scarlatti; he cannot be grotesque without a certain Latin urbanity and dignity.

His music is intensely civilized; he employs Spanish rhythms and melodies, but he has no desire to affect primitive simplicity. No doubt to an educated Spanish audience unadulterated folk-song is as boring as it is to most of us in England. It was used with great effect at the beginning and in the middle, where unaccompanied melodies sung behind the scenes by Mlle. Rosowsky stood out as vivid points of colour. Very interesting, too, should have been certain effects of pure rhythm in the introduction, which consisted largely of castanet playing and shouting behind the curtain. Unfortunately the members of the ballet found the castanets not so easy to play as they look, and the rhythms were often rather confused.

"The Three-Cornered Hat" owed a considerable portion of its success to the decorations of M. Picasso. To criticize them does not fall within my province, but I hope I may express the sincere admiration of a layman in pictorial matters. Here, too, it was interesting to compare them with the scenery provided at Covent Garden for "L'Heure Espagnole." Mr. Hugo Rumbold is a scene-painter of originality and imagination. His watchmaker's shop in Toledo was by far the most striking scene which has been put on the Covent Garden stage this season; it was less successful than his designs for "Figaro" or "The Daughter of Madame Angot," but it presented a very ingenious solution of a difficult problem. Mr. Rumbold, if only he is given a free hand, may yet manage to strike out a new line in realistic scenery; but realistic it remains in spite of his ingenuity. For though Mr. Rumbold has imagination, he does not stimulate it in his spectators. The virtue of M. Picasso's frankly unrealistic design (I speak humbly as a mere theatregoer, not as an art critic) is that it forces the spectator to be imaginative.

England is always a generation behind the times in matters of the theatre. We are just beginning to talk about revolving stages when the Continent regards them as old-fashioned. The Fortuny sky, panoramic backgrounds, and other such devices, have hardly been heard of among us. We ought therefore to be the more grateful to the Russian Ballet for showing us something in the way of modern experiments. Since it first came over in September, 1918, it has been the most artistic entertainment in London—some people might say the only artistic entertainment in London, even now when our thoughts are turned away from war. It has also been a lucrative entertainment, and this makes one wonder whether a Government subsidy is so very necessary a form of manure to the fine flower of dramatic and musical art. By the time that these words appear in print the Russian Ballet will have left us for pleasanter climates. They have spoken encouragingly of their English pupils. Can we hope, when they return to us, to pay them the best possible compliment—that of having raised our own standards to the height of theirs?

EDWARD J. DENT.

NOVELTIES AT THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

No fewer than twenty-seven works are down to receive their first performance during the coming season of Promenade Concerts. Of these, thirteen are British, the composers represented being Balfour Gardiner, Goossens, Butterworth, Bax, Howell, Quilter, Bainton, Berners, Cecil Sharp, Carr, Heath, Coates, and Martin Shaw. It is not correct, by the way, to describe Butterworth's "Banks of Green Willow" as a first performance, as this—the last and most finished work from that lamented composer's pen—was done recently at one of the R.C.M. Commemoration Concerts, and also (unless memory is at fault) at one of the late F. B. Ellis's concerts in 1914. Of the foreign novelties, the most interesting are the Spanish (Granados and Albeniz) and the Italian (Pratella, Malipiero and Casella); other countries represented are America (Hadley and Stanley Smith), Roumania (Stan Golestan), Russia (Tchérepnin), and France (D'Erlanger, Widor, and Schmitt). "La Cathédrale Engloutie" is hardly a novelty, but it will be most entertaining to hear what this characteristic piece of pianoforte impressionism sounds like on the orchestra. The series as a whole promises to be of quite unusual interest.

RECENT MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS

SONG OF THE DESERT. For Violin and P.F. By Gerald Walenn. (Augener. 2s. net.)—Not precisely a vivid or powerful piece of tone-painting, but quite a harmless violin piece, effectively written for the instrument, and free from ostentation.

PRELUDE AND VARIATIONS ON A GROUND BASS. Op. 22. For Organ. By Ernest Farrar. (Augener. 1s. 6d. net.)—A ground consisting of the first five steps of the diatonic scale does not give its composer much of a chance; to elude the constantly recurring cadences demands more expert treatment than Mr. Farrar can give, and for this reason there is never any real sense of movement. The attempt to write a variation (no. vi.) in F minor over an F major bass is no more successful than one would have expected. B flat minor would have been more promising.

(1) GRASSHOPPER DANCE. (2) ECCENTRIC DANCE. By Adam Carse. (Augener. 2s. each net.)—(1) POEM. (2) FOLK SONG. (3) MELODY. (4) ELFIN FOOTSTEPS. (5) WALTZ. For P.F. By Adam Carse. (Augener. Complete in one volume. 2s. 6d. net.)—The "Eccentric Dance" shows a nice feeling for harmony, and the "Grasshopper Dance" is graceful in its way. The other pieces are markedly undistinguished, though no doubt they will find a welcome in many a drawing-room.

LE POISSON D'OR: Poème et musique de Lord Berners. For P.F. (J. & W. Chester. 3s. net.)—The story of a lonely goldfish whose dreams of the fair fishy one were rudely interrupted by an "imbecile malavisé" who threw a crumb of bread into the bowl, whereat the vision disappeared and the goldfish (doubtless appreciating the convenience of simple ternary form) returned to his lonely gyrations in the bowl. Such conceits are only tolerable when raised by some technical virtuosity to the level of a *tour de force*. This one seeks in vain in "Poisson d'Or." It is obviously after the "Histoires Naturelles," but such a long way after as to be almost out of sight. It is, in fact, dull, trivial, and (in its way) pedantic.

Pictures and drawings from the collections of the late Rev. Montague Taylor, Major Francis R. Gregson, and the late Lady Bateman, of Oakley Hall, Suffolk, were sold at Christie's on July 25. A drawing by J. Downman, "Portraits of Mrs. Fitzherbert and her Sister," in white dresses with blue and brown sashes, 1792, oval, 8in. by 6½in., fetched £430 10s., and a pastel by J. Russell, R.A., a portrait of Francis Hale Rigby when a child, in white frock, 29½in. by 24½in., £273.

Most of the pictures realizing the higher prices were portraits. A lady in a white satin dress and pale blue satin cloak, signed and dated 1814, by J. A. D. Ingres, 23in. by 19in., was bought by Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach for £1,417 10s. The same firm also purchased J. M. Nattier's "Cardinal Fleury," seated, holding a book, 54in. by 44 in., for £315. Messrs. Davis Bros. paid £525 for "A Gentleman in Naval Uniform," with his wife and infant child in a garden, by Benjamin Wilson, 34in. by 26½in.; and for the same figure Messrs. Tooth & Sons acquired the "Portrait of Sir William James," by Reynolds, painted in 1780, and engraved by J. R. Smith, 48in. by 39in., sold by order of the trustees of Sir R. W. Levinge. Allan Ramsay's "Lady Grant (Elizabeth Callender)," signed and dated 1751, 49in. by 39in., was sold at £378 (Huggins).

Drama

A METAPHYSICAL CRITIC

THE MODERN DRAMA: AN ESSAY IN INTERPRETATION. By L. Lewisohn. (Secker. 7s. net.)

THERE is something inexpressibly grand in the spectacle of the professional philosopher at work. He seems to the alarmed eyes of peddling common-sense to be moving transfigured through the circumambient medium in a mysterious but positively determined course. His walking-shoes, changed into winged sandals, propel him towards his indistinguishable objective, while, like an Ithuriel's spear, his umbrella teaches him by his prods to analyse and classify with the most sweeping certainty the chaotic circumstances of his advance. It has been the good fortune of an American critic, Mr. L. Lewisohn, to succeed in importing traces of this grandiose atmosphere into the pages of a volume of dramatic criticism. Carried away by a natural propensity towards serious-mindedness, he has tried to set up a metaphysical criterion for the drama. The business of a play, it seems, is to express its author's views upon the ultimate nature of reality, and our judgment of its merits must depend on whether those views are sound or not. In the past, for instance, "the serious drama deals with the transgression of an immutable moral law by a self-originating will." Recently we exploded both free will and the absolute standards of ethics; so the traditional drama would no longer do, and a modern substitute had to be created which should arise "not from the frailty or rebellion of a corrupted will defying the changeless moral order, but from the pressure upon the fluttering and striving will of outworn custom, of unjust law, of inherited instinct, of malevolent circumstance." It seems almost inconceivable that anyone should believe that the value of "Antony and Cleopatra" or "Phèdre" is determined by their author's philosophical opinions; but Mr. Lewisohn actually selects "Othello" as a type of the class of plays which have for metaphysical reasons become "wholly archaic."

Mr. Lewisohn carries out his speculative methods in the detailed consideration of plays and dramatists which takes up most of his book. He is continually talking not of the works themselves, but of the questions which they raise. One of M. Hervieu's situations suggests the thought that marriage "has a habit, in this work-a-day world, of becoming an institution into which are inextricably knotted all the strands that bind men and women to their kind." Mr. Bernard Shaw serves to remind us that "poverty is, in very truth, the root of all evil in that it makes men slaves." Poor Mr. Yeats, on the other hand, "really believes that the legends of Celtic antiquity contain a mystic truth which is the key to the door of the world's secrets. In other words, his art is based upon a vision of things which is not only unreal, but, if one must be frank, puerile." And even when Mr. Lewisohn comes to Gerhart Hauptmann, who (with our own sub-Hauptmann, Mr. Galsworthy) is the hero of the book, we find him taking less interest in the master's plays than in his opinions. "To him the world's life has been the world's woe; his very austerity and apparent harshness pay tribute to the sacredness of human sorrow."

What enlightenment Mr. Lewisohn has to give us is, in fact, on life rather than the drama; nor is the balance redressed by the immense number of plots which he relates to us in the same picturesque style that has already been quoted. But the severe strictures upon "Rosmersholm" and "The Playboy of the Western World" warn us against regretting too deeply the dramatic criticism that Mr. Lewisohn has not given us. It is right to add

that there are some useful bibliographies and a considerable amount of external information on the modern drama. The book does not deal with the younger writers (M. Claudel is not considered); nor is the Russian drama so much as mentioned, even in the apology which the author offers, in his preface, to Italy and Spain. But perhaps we may look forward to reading in a future volume Mr. Lewisohn's analysis of the plot of "Uncle Vanya" and of the *Weltanschauung* of the Russian nineties.

Correspondence

OUR INACCESSIBLE HERITAGE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—THE ATHENÆUM of July 11, deploring on its front page the lack of cheap editions of our earlier writers, appeals in conclusion to the University Presses to apply themselves to a task upon which for many years they have been laboriously and, as they had hoped, notoriously engaged.

The Elizabethan poets other than Shakespeare, and the dramatists in particular, are stated to be for the most part unprocurable. The "Muses' Library" is commended (it includes in fact other Elizabethans besides those mentioned); but nothing is said of such books as the Oxford Spenser, which contains 800 pages and about 700,000 words, and is still sold for 3s. 6d.; nor of "England's Parnassus, or the Choicest Flowers of our Moderne Poets," a famous book, the annual sale of which (at 7s. 6d. for 600 pages) has in recent years varied between 27 copies and 4 copies.

Elizabethan and Jacobean prose is said to be accessible only in "negligible scraps" costing a sovereign. It is not made clear in what sense More's "Utopia," Sidney's "Apology," Bacon's Essays and "Advancement of Learning" are negligible or scraps; they do not cost a sovereign. Hakluyt's "Voyages" may be bought for a few shillings in "Everyman's Library." Oxford has produced, in a series designed to meet an alleged demand for less-known books, Wilson's "Art of Rhetorique," Turberville's "Booke of Hunting," Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman," Greville's "Life of Sidney." If the writers of the Caroline and Restoration periods are included, the cheap lists of the Universities and of other publishers are, of course, much longer.

The writer explains that he does not want "a splendid edition like the Cambridge Beaumont and Fletcher." Oxford has, therefore, acquired no merit in his eyes by the series of English texts which includes a complete edition of Marlowe (splendid only because of its scholarship, and costing but 5s.), Deloney, Donne, Campion, Herrick, Milton and Vaughan, nor by the editions—which, though not in folio, may be considered as splendid—of Greene, Kyd and Lyly. But it is important to note that the prime cost of printing a book depends on nothing so much as the number of words printed. The additional expense of chastened splendour is what the writer might call "relatively trivial." Such a book as the Oxford Shelley costs not less but more, in the first instance, than the same book in the library edition, and is sold at a lower price only in the hope that the public will buy it in much larger quantities. If lovers of English literature will in sufficient number pay 5s. for Marlowe, they may have other dramatists of similar bulk at a similar price. THE ATHENÆUM dismisses the Cambridge Beaumont and Fletcher on the ground that "these gentlemen are not worth" more than 10s.; but it will not be expected that a publisher should sell 50 plays for the price of five, or sell them cheaper because they are inferior, and therefore less likely to be read.

The Universities moreover have to contend not only with some public apathy, but also with the intrinsic difficulties of the undertaking. The texts which THE ATHENÆUM desiderates cannot be satisfactorily produced by sending an old copy to the printer and in due course paying his bill. It is now known that to print old texts in this manner is to print them wrong; and the output of the Universities, such as it is, has been made possible by the devoted co-operation of highly-skilled and often inadequately remunerated editors.

There is, however, no lack of editors, if they do not grow on every bush. The real difficulty is that, as the writer recognizes, reprints of old books too often end their days in the remainder

catalogues. The remedy, if it is not to be furnished by the taxpayer, can only be found by the literate public. There is no ground for the view that the public has had insufficient opportunity of showing its appreciation of the English Classics. THE ATHENÆUM complains of the lack of necessary *subsidia* to the study of Keats and Shelley. Has the public shown any eagerness to acquire Trelawny's valuable "Recollections" or Peacock's indispensable "Memoirs of Shelley," published by the Oxford University Press at half-a-crown, and still offered for sale at three shillings and sixpence? Experience has shown that even the nimble shilling was inadequate to create new appetites. The "Discourses" of Sir Joshua Reynolds are an accepted classic, but not a book that any appreciable number of persons can be persuaded to read.

To publish "a series of complete English texts," and to carry to completion the catholic policy which has already produced a considerable mass of editions, including many writers of secondary fame, is the advertised intention of the University of Oxford; but the rate of production cannot be accelerated unless the demand grows in range and volume.

I am yours faithfully,

The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

R. W. CHAPMAN.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I should be absolutely the last person to discourage any scheme for the increase of cheap good books; but Mr. Nicholas—quite unintentionally, I am sure—has done scant justice, in his passing expression of gratitude, towards those publishers who have done such splendid work for us in this matter.

I have been closely watching the reprint market for twenty years, and recently prepared—for a contemporary of yours—a skeleton guide to cheap editions of the English classics on sale to-day. "Such issues put together" have done far "more than open the door of our treasure-house." I should be rather inclined to say that few of us really need any good literature which cannot now be obtained for less than 2s. a volume. Prices, here, have not gone up so wantonly as elsewhere; often by no more than threepence!

I fear then that the attractive suggestion for a "Co-operative Book-Production Association" (which, for purely selfish personal pleasure, I should delight to open to-morrow) might do serious injustice by ingratitude towards what has been done, and serious harm by reduplication. It could not very well omit the best classics, already available.

What would, I think, be most valuable, and most practically helpful, is a co-operative or endowed bookshop (developing into bookshops) which, resolutely refusing to be crowded with newspapers, magazines, current fiction or, in fact, any modern work, should concentrate upon English classics: determining to keep an abundant supply of all reprint libraries, series, &c.; wherein the book-lover could browse at will (as in a library) among these tempting treasures; sure of being able to purchase just what suits him after looking at everything available. Such an ideal, obviously, could only be accomplished by a controlled management with no other object than the encouragement of literature: though there is no reason whatever why it should not produce a profit.

You will pardon my adding that the best reviews might render much help in this matter. I have been for years urging upon editors that more space should be given to the notice of Reprints. I am perfectly aware of the difficulties. All reforms need courage. But, ideally, the press should guide the public to the best of everything; and—for standard literature—this can only be done by regular attention from an expert, who knows thoroughly what has been done, and the relative merits—or special features—of each series; so that he at once can pounce upon the unique features of any new venture (or any addition to the old) and clearly describe them.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

33, Fortis Green,
East Finchley, N.2.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

SLANG IN WAR-TIME

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Since the majority of new words enter a language through a probationary period known as slang, it should be

the greatest care on the part of those who undertake to give the origin of contemporary slang words to ensure that their work is accurate; for unless it is so, they are only adding to the labours of some future etymologist, instead of lightening them. Nor, for the same reason, should inaccurate derivations, if they do happen to be made, be allowed to pass uncorrected, especially when, by publication in a journal of THE ATHENÆUM's literary authority, they may gain a credence to which they have no right. I ask you, therefore, to allow me a little space to criticize a few of the derivations given by Dr. Baker in his article in your issue of July 11, unless someone more qualified than myself comes forward to do so.

The original meaning of "dud" was a shell which failed to explode on hitting the ground, and no one who has once heard a "dud" fall can have any doubt of the onomatopœic origin of the word. It is easy to see how from this special sense it has acquired a more general meaning, both as a substantive and adjective, and has become expressive of anything that does not fulfil the purpose for which it was brought into existence or that fails to "function." This word "function," by the way, is interesting. It has become popular during the war, acquiring, as it has, a less technical meaning than formerly, and is now rapidly becoming a recognized term in official Army English. It appears, I know, in the draft of one of the new Training Manuals now in course of preparation, in which certain individuals are said to "function" when they are actually performing the duties for which they are responsible.

"Gadget" is not a war word. I heard it in the year 1906 applied to various new scientific instruments which about that time were first "issued to" the artillery, and which, though familiar enough now, appeared then veritable instruments of torture to the dashing horse-artilleryman, who had never before been called on to deal with such things. I am therefore inclined to think that Dr. Baker's first suggested derivation of the word is the less improbable of the two, and that some literary artilleryman who knew his Browning may have been its first introducer into the Army. Certainly never in army parlance had it any connection with the workshop.

I put forward a suggestion as to the origin of "umpteenth," though with diffidence and in all humility. In my belief, it is signaller's slang. The dot and dash of the Morse code have for long been represented phonetically by "iddy umpty." Perhaps the connection between this and "umpteenth" is difficult to see, as it certainly is difficult to explain. But if it is conceded that a man who spends years listening to a never-ending succession of "iddie-umpties" may come to feel that the sound "umpty" represents a great, but indefinite number, it may be recognized as possible that he may eventually use the sound to express the idea, humorously changing the final syllable to "-teen" to bring it into accord with the conformation of other words expressing numbers, such as thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, etc.

In conclusion, may I ask Dr. Baker to allow the soldier's undoubted right to be "fed up"? He has been so, and has said he was so in those same words, as far back as my memory of army life extends, a period of some twenty years, and doubtless he had been so for many years before that. The civilian is welcome to take the soldier's words and make them his own; but if he does, then it may be well to remind him at the beginning of this new era that though these words may be slang they are none the less of proud origin, that it was the soldier who coined the expression "to get a move on" as well as that of "to carry on," and that he has done both in spite of numerous and legitimate "grouses" through fair and foul in that same spirit of good-humour which lies behind so much of his most expressive vocabulary. If with the words goes also their spirit, then there can be little fear for the future of this country.

Yours, etc.,

A. H. B.

SIR,—Does not "Get a move on," which Dr. Baker classes among civilian slang, also come from across the Atlantic? I heard it used freely by Americans some fifteen years ago.—
Yours truly,

L. COLLISON-MORLEY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In the article on "Slang in War-Time" that appeared in the July 11 issue, the writer queries the origin of "umteen." May I suggest that the following may be the solution?

In army signalling, when reading the Morse code, one substitutes the words "iddy-umpty" for "dot-dash." Therefore as "umpty" means "dash," it is fairly evident that the word "umpteen" (or "umteen"), which means "any number of times," comes from this source.

In your July 18 issue a correspondent mentions "red-hat" as an army policeman. I have always found "red-cap" to be the more familiar term.

Additional war-slang that does not seem to have appeared yet in THE ATHENÆUM in any article or letter includes the following.

"Chit," a form or slip of paper, a corrupt form of the Hindu word. It was used originally for the drink-vouchers that were exchanged in the early Anglo-Indian clubs. It was first seen in print in 1785. It is now used more by Colonials than British soldiers.

Another word not seldom met with is "ersatz," which may eventually replace the well-worn "camouflage." It is the German "substitute."

A phrase well worth recording is "to stop one," meaning to be hit by a bullet or shell fragment.

An interesting but now extinct word is the verb to "peeble." This meant to "whine," "howl," "yell," or "grumble," and arose from the eccentricities of Mr. Pemberton-Billing, M.P., in the House. The word was quite popular for some weeks, but died a natural death.

The origins of "peacemonger," "profiteer," "munitioneer," "food-hog," and "Zepp" are obvious. "Civvies," meaning "mufti," is a pre-war word; and a Colonial equivalent for "putting the wind up" is to "crib." The familiar "wash-out" is used for the army signalling sign WW, which means to "obliterate."

Interesting Air-Force slang includes "quirk" and "spike-bozzle." Not being able to trace these to their source, I can only theorize on their origin. There is an American word "quirt," "to break-in wild horses"! The second word may be connected with "spike," which means to frequently visit a casual ward. The origins of "bus," "drome," and "joy-stick" (control-lever) are obvious.

The following are several old army slang words that had practically ceased to exist, but have been revived by the war and become quite common: To have a "dekko" (to look at); "shackles"—no doubt because of the binding effect of the "stew" which the word represents; "canteen-medals" (beer-stains on one's tunic); "gravel-crusher" and "fly-slicer," for infantryman and cavalryman respectively; and "cheese-toaster" for "sword." A "cinch" is from the Spanish *cincha*, a belt or girdle. The word was used by the South American plainsmen for the saddling of the prairie ponies. Its modern implication is "to fasten" or "to grip." A Canadian word of English birth is "hike," to travel, &c.

Yours, &c.,

ERIC VERNEY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Some of the most universal and expressive Army terms are unfortunately too anatomical to be more than circuitously described. E.g., the unfailing assurance of the first man up on a frosty morning that "it's cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey" (only "tail" isn't the word).

"To skive," to dodge a fatigue.

"To get rumbled," the skiver's fate.

"On the peg," to be charged with a "crime."

"You'll be for it," the sergeant's threat of "the peg."

"To lose your name," to have your name taken on parade for "dirty kit," etc.

"Wad," a bun.

"Old Charlie," the pack—an Old Army phrase now dying out, I think.

"Regimental," an Old Army adjective for a strict disciplinarian.

There is a very queer phrase denoting "nothing"—"all!" No record of war slang is complete without it.

Yours truly, E. H. J.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have not read the earlier correspondence on this subject, and so venture with some diffidence to send my contribution.

"He's for the high jump" is a favourite expression meaning that someone is to be charged before his company or commanding officer.

"He's on the mat" means the same; the pre-war orderly room was furnished with a piece of carpet, in the exact centre of which the accused stood.

The camp guard-room was commonly known as "the hutch." If your friend was "in the hutch" or "in the nick" the previous night, he was certain to be "for the high jump" in the morning.

"To tick" is to find fault; one of my C.O.'s, a very stern martinet, was always called "Ticky R—"

The Q.M.S. (the colour-sergeant or "Flag" of the Old Army) is always called the "Quarter Bloke" or "The Bloke."

"To muck in" with anyone is to share rations with him. In the early part of the war a time-serving soldier would have, as well as his "mucking-in chum," his "enlisting chum," and (often) his "boozing chum."

"Sweating on the top line" is to be within an ace of obtaining what you want. It comes from the popular game of "house," wherein a player may have four out of the five numbers on the top line filled, and is feverishly awaiting the call of the other number.

"To be spare" is to be temporarily off duty.

"To draw water for the sergeant-major's canary" and "To whitewash the Last Post" are two fatigues for which the "rookie" is generally detailed by a facetious orderly sergeant.

"To dodge the column" is to shirk one's duty.

"To kip" is to go to bed—or to what serves for a bed; but this is perhaps not distinctively military.

"Sergeant-major's tea" is stronger, milkier, and sweeter than ordinary tea made in a "dixie," but "mother's tea" transcends even sergeant-major's.—Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR R. GROVES.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have been a shoeing-smith in the Army myself, but I never heard one of my craft called "Scrappy." "Shoey" was the term used.

"Buckshee" deserves attention as probably, with "scrounge," the most popular slang towards the end of the war. You realize that after four years the early slang got hopelessly *démodé* towards the end of the conflict. But, as you know probably, the one word that won the war was the well-known obscenity containing four letters. From generals downwards, everyone used it, and everyone was comforted by saying it. No dialogue pretending to represent military conversation ever rings quite true because this essential word is omitted. Of course, in public writings it can't be very well referred to, but only those who have soldiered out here realized what a companion in adversity that little word has been.

"Bastard," used as a general oath, has gained ground during the war.

A French officer told me that the French word of power was *merde*, signifying ordure. They all used it as we use the word referred to above.

A French private told me that his companions in the ranks objected to the word "Poilu" in the same way that English soldiers dislike being referred to as Tommies. Journalists use these words about us, but we object to them in our hearts, because they are patronizing.—Yours faithfully,

CLAUDE H. SISLEY, 2nd Lieut.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I submit a few more terms that have not yet appeared in the columns of THE ATHENÆUM?

"Quid's in," for a stroke of good fortune.

"Jam's out," meaning a general shortage of rations.

"Flogging," the illegal disposal of Army goods.

An artilleryman speaks of having "bumped" a certain town or spot, meaning shelled.

"I've seen 'em grow" is an expression of contempt used by soldiers, mainly referring to men of superior rank.

Yours truly, E. A. G.

Foreign Literature DUTCH LITERATURE

"OÛ NOUS EN SOMMES."

THE "modern" period of our Dutch literature dates from about 1880. Multatuli (the pseudonym of Eduard Douwes Dekker), Marcellus Emants and Jacques Perk were the forerunners of the movement; the poets Willem Kloos, Hélène Swarth, Herman Gorter, Frederik van Eeden, Albert Verwey, and the prose-writers Lodewijk van Deyssel (the pseudonym of Karel Joan Lodewijk Alberdinck Thijm), Jacobus van Looy, and here again Frederik van Eeden, were the principal representatives of a new tendency styled (from the name of a periodical established by them in 1885) the *Nieuwe Gids* movement. Their movement meant primarily a revolt against the easygoing sentiment and frequent banality into which our poetry, and the rhetorical style—the echo in Holland of French romanticism—into which our prose, had degenerated. This opposition it was that brought them together. In other respects they differed widely one from another in their art, and for that reason their collaboration endured only a few years. Kloos, who is commonly regarded as the leader of the movement, was under English influence. So was Gorter, whose "Mei" strongly recalls Keats's "Endymion." As their personality developed it became clear that the essence of it was an ultra-individualism. In this respect the critic Lodewijk van Deyssel resembled them very closely at first; his deliverances on art are, oddly enough, most enthusiastic on the subject of . . . Zola! Indeed, I believe that in him the most essential thing in the movement of the eighties—its character of revolt—is most clearly symbolized; and that the great impression made by his enthusiastic critical prose is to be ascribed in the first place to his passionate condemnation of the dreary productions of his senior contemporaries and his glorification of everything that at any rate differed from them.

The ultra-individualistic current had indeed already run its course by 1890. I do not, of course, mean by this that the really remarkable talents of the various writers who had made common cause together suffered eclipse so soon; but the different personalities, persisting in the very individualism which had been the sole thing that brought them together, had developed views of life too widely separated for them to be any longer accounted a group. Yet it would be an historical misconception to underestimate the significance of their collaboration because it lasted so brief a while, and had an appearance so fortuitous. The very collaboration of natures so variously endowed proves that reaction against the old school was the prevailing sentiment of the men of the eighties; and in fact the younger generation did achieve something new as a group; they all laid particular stress on the production of the original artistic image as against an everlasting fumbling with a conventional poetic diction. With the accent of passion they taught a people that had forgotten the fact that the creative artist must listen intently to the inner voice of his heart, and that his readers, if they are to enjoy art aright, must study to discern through the rhythm and the more delicate associations of ideas awakened by the juxtaposition of words the beating heart of the poet. This doctrine made a profound impression. Of course, as always in such cases, most of their disciples had more enthusiasm than understanding, imitated the external form of their predecessors rather than went with them in the spirit. But, after all, that brief period of intensive preoccupation with style has influenced all writers born since the eighties, and the whole literary world of Holland, however far many have departed in their work from the

ways of their predecessors, still feels the impulse of that vigorous movement.

These departures have, indeed, been too many and too diverse to admit of anything but a brief sketch of the main lines in the restricted space which a paper like THE ATHENÆUM can allot to the literature of a small nation. Such a sketch I will attempt to give.

Kloos was faithful to the standpoint of the eighties. Once it was his strength; with the passage of time it became his weakness. His importance lies wholly in the work of his first period. It was then that he wrote a number of immortal poems, and then, too, he performed a sacred task in executing judgment on the parsons' poetry in the critical section of the *Nieuwe Gids*. But for thirty years he has gone on writing poems of little significance and voluminously combating the parsons, seeing a danger for poetry in a quarter in which that danger has long since disappeared. Still Kloos remains one of the best-loved personalities of our modern literature. The glory of his youth shines brightly enough to illuminate a whole life, and his fine human qualities, among which modesty ranks first, assure him our affection. Therefore the tribute recently offered to him on his sixtieth birthday by the Queen, the Government and his confrères could not but meet with universal approval.

Frederik van Eeden, a doctor by training, devoted himself to psychiatry after completing his studies, and, beside his work in literature and medicine, has come forward, though with small success, as a social reformer. In 1898 he even founded a communist colony at Gooi, which soon ended in failure. In philosophy and psychiatry he has published some volumes of essays under the title "Studies." His humanitarian tendencies are equally noticeable everywhere in his literary work, with which I shall deal in a separate article.

Albert Verwey turned more and more towards contemplation. His poems became increasingly more rigid in style, and now the centre of gravity of his work shifts steadily towards criticism and speculation.

Van Deyssel gradually exchanged his literary criticism for another type of work, for a descriptive art infinitely delicate in detail, but at the same time full of suggestion. In a still later period, during which his production has been less in quantity, the mystical attitude expressed in the prose poems which alternated with criticism in his earlier period has got the upper hand, as, for instance, in the mystically meditative "Diary of Frank Rozelaar."

The change of attitude in Herman Gorter after the lyrical "Mei"—the admired work of his youth—is very significant from the point of view of cultural history. In his volume "Verzen" (1892) he carried still further the unbridled individualism which was already noticeable in "Mei," with its extreme metrical licence and its frequent peculiar and peculiarly stressed rhymes. These verses are often so much the reflection of moods, the feeling they aim at exciting depends constantly on such personal associations of ideas (bound up with musical effects), that already, after five-and-twenty years, they have become to a considerable extent unintelligible. Indeed, the poet himself has condemned his "Verzen." He thought them failures, and—turning Socialist—declared in his "Criticism of the Literary Movement of the Eighties in Holland" (published in the Socialist periodical, *De Nieuwe Tijd*, 1897) that this movement after its so transient period of bloom was inevitably doomed to perish. Only out of a different community could a vital art arise.

In his poetical practice Gorter, although henceforward proving himself an orthodox Social Democrat in his choice of subjects, has remained obstinately individualist. But the change he intended was characteristic of the alteration in the direction of our literature. Socialist

poets like Henriette Roland Holst-van der Schalk and Carel Steven Adama van Scheltema followed him, although they both differed from him and from each other in their poetical manner. In her first period, when her Socialism is mainly felt as a *personal* vision at a distance, Henriette Roland Holst followed Gorter fairly closely. With time her social sense has grown keener, and in her "Opwaartsche Wegen" she has been most successful in effecting a fusion of her Socialism with her art. Her more recent long narrative poems lack the severe beauty of style characteristic of her best volume.

Adama van Scheltema has taken up a position opposed in principle to that of the eighties. While Kloos defined art as "the most individual expression of the most individual emotion," Adama van Scheltema consciously sought out the simplest, most universally intelligible form. Not that he aimed at a coarsened reproduction of his sensations; he rather endeavoured to express their fine shades in the rhythm and the choice of words, though of always studiously simple words. It must be admitted that he has been remarkably successful in this, although he has been less fortunate in his lengthy expositions of theory. And so he has become the most popular of our modern poets.

Our prose has tended more and more towards the expression of the same materialistically democratic attitude. French naturalism and its offspring realism found imitators in Holland, enthusiastic at first, but growing with time less serious and less significant. It degenerated into a literary mannerism, often still exquisite in form, but in its content suggesting photography rather than painting. This attitude is of course related in a certain sense to one of the best traditions of our literature; a close attention to the detailed reproduction of external phenomena has always been a mark of Dutch work. But the characteristic dry and racy humour which had seasoned this reproduction of reality was replaced by the somewhat rancid oil of a greasy sentimentality. This realism, after giving us in its last period a number of excellent family novels, appears now to have run its course. We are in a period of transition. But of transition to what? It is for the future to tell us. The most diverse experiments are being made: a species of neo-romanticism, an archaistically coloured symbolism. . . . A mystically religious tendency is perhaps the strongest.

But I shall find occasion to return to this when I come to deal with certain books and personalities by themselves. For the present it is perhaps enough to offer a necessarily simplified statement of the process which has led up to the existing situation.

The Hague, June, 1919.

J. L. WALCH

GROOT-NEDERLAND: MAANDSCHRIFT VOOR DEN NEDERLANDSCHEN STAM. (Amsterdam, June.)—This number, ending a volume, is mainly occupied in bringing various articles to a conclusion. Thus A. Pit finishes a series of three studies in the evolution of artistic ideas from Hellenistic to mediæval times, and Carry van Bruggen concludes her long and heavy discourse on the interplay of the individual and communal ideas in literature. Of single articles, that on the Frisian literary movement calls attention to the feebleness of much of the poetry now being written in Frisian, and, as that poetry largely consists of conventional sonnets, the critic has an easy task. We note in passing that the Frisians already possess an *in memoriam* sonnet to Rupert Brooke. They have also translated poems of Shakespeare, Johnson (? Lionel), Ernest Dowson, Wordsworth, Rabindranath Tagore—a rather mixed list! The most interesting thing in the number to us is a brief note at the end in which Louis Couperus, defending himself against a criticism of his own criticism of Querido's "Koningen," carries the war into the enemy's country and vigorously defends the novel of historical reconstruction in classical form against the partisans of "bourgeois realism."

CROCE, DE SANCTIS AND SHAKESPEARE

LA CRITICA. Ann. XVII., fasc. iii.-iv. [May-July.] (Bari, Laterza 7 lire 50 c.)

THE position held by Benedetto Croce's review *La Critica* in the world of thought is such that the appearance of this Shakespeare number is bound to be something of an event to all who care for good literature. In Italy, it is true, Shakespeare has long been far more at home than in France, even on the stage, since there is no classical drama to get in his way; and that though Italy is a Latin country, and Latins, we are assured, will always look upon Shakespeare as something of an alien. No one would, of course, expect to find such limitations in Croce; and in his essay "Shakespeare e la critica Shakespeariana" he writes with a whole-hearted enthusiasm, combined with an insight and a reasoned understanding that will give his essay a permanent place in Shakespeare literature.

Once again he insists that æsthetic criticism is concerned, not with the character and development of the life of the poet, but with the character and development of his art. A knowledge of a poet's life may, of course, be of the utmost importance for the understanding of his work. But there is no possibility of writing a life of Shakespeare. A dry biographical chronicle, full of gaps, is the most that can be accomplished. And he brushes aside as altogether irrelevant the novels that men like Brandes and Frank Harris would palm off upon us as lives, though he pays a tribute to the latter's superior insight. Equally valueless is the web of conjecture that modern scholars have spun round the identity of Mr. W. H., or the Baconian theory, or any other of the thousand and one disputed points in the poems or the plays or the life of Shakespeare. Indeed, it is tragic to think how much time and ability has been wasted to such little purpose. The very refinements of the best modern criticism seem to draw us further and further from the poet himself. In reading it "a feeling of discontent, a kind of repugnance comes over us which warns us that this is not the genuine Shakespeare, less subtle, but more profound; less involved, but more complex and greater." In fact, we turn with relief to the plays themselves, which could once appeal directly to the cook or groom who enjoyed them from the gallery, untroubled by the commentators.

One still finds references, especially in France, to Shakespeare's lack of art, belated echoes of Voltaire's famous onslaught. But such criticism dates from the days that knew only one form of art by which every poem must be gauged. Indeed, Shakespeare could only hope to come into his own when *Æsthetics* superseded the old Poetics. Needless to say, such talk finds no echo in Croce. It would be easy, he tells us, to go through one of Shakespeare's great plays and point out the æsthetic coherence of the whole, as he does for "Macbeth," "which leaps and bounds forward like a carefully balanced lyric, with full correspondence between all its varied tones, the single scenes seeming like strophes." Equally absurd is it to pick one of the plays to pieces and say that the characters are superior to the plot, or that Shakespeare is weak here, strong there.

We must firmly refuse to admit such dualism and contradiction as non-existent [he insists, as so often before], because the distinction between characters and action, between style of the dialogue and style of the work, is arbitrary, scholastic, rhetorical; and in Shakespeare there is a single poetic stream, the waves of which cannot be differentiated or set in opposition to each other, as characters and actions, speeches, dialogue and the rest.

No less irrelevant are the strictures on the language used by the various speakers, since it harmonizes perfectly with the character of the poems:

If to the lips of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Othello and Lear there rise true, genuine lyrics, which, so far from interrupting or striking a false note in the play, carry it forward and exalt it, then they are not the imposition of one life upon another, but the expression of the life which is in the central motive.

Such inequalities and inaccuracies as undoubtedly occur are merely the result of that indifference to minor details which a man may feel who is concentrating all his energies upon the completion of a great work as a whole—an indifference which Croce's master, Giambattista Vico, not only displayed in his own writings, but set himself to justify. There are, of course, weak plays and scenes in the canon: how could it be otherwise, in such a body of work? But Shakespeare's art is not defective in any essential quality.

Many of Shakespeare's warmest admirers would hesitate to call him classical, even to-day. But their hesitation gets short shrift from Croce, who holds that it arises from an old-fashioned, partial interpretation of the term, based altogether upon externals. And how true is this:

But classical he was, because he possessed the strength that is sure of itself, that does not strain itself, that does not go forward by fits and starts, that carries with it its own calm self-restraint; and he possessed the taste that belonged to his genius, that is proportionate to his genius; for genius without taste is a mere abstraction of the essayists.

It is quite true that Shakespeare is the poet of no definite ideal. This is why Tolstoy disliked him, and Mazzini refused him the highest rank, regarding him as the poet of doubt, of negation. But if Shakespeare is, for instance, neither religious nor optimistic, it is equally impossible to label him as either irreligious or pessimistic. Like Ariosto, he was interested in life in all its complexity, and he made no effort to reduce its contrasts and oppositions to a single formula. Moreover, he is a poet, not a philosopher. Hence these contrasts do not even form the subject of thought to him. There is no more philosophy in "Hamlet" than in the other plays; indeed, there is less, owing to the very perplexities and doubts that dominate it, without any attempt being made to arrive at a solution of the problems to which they give rise. The famous "to be or not to be" soliloquy, which is known to every Italian of any cultivation at all, and arouses vociferous applause when the play is acted—as it is at least as frequently as in England—is merely a poetic utterance, reflecting a state of mind. We have only to abstract Shakespeare's lines from their surroundings to realize how little they can be called philosophical. Yet Croce considers that he has not unreasonably been regarded as something of a master, a pre-philosopher in fact, a precursor of the highest truths that have since come to light. And he holds it as a fact that no other poet possesses such an attraction for modern philosophy, idealistic and historical, which recognizes in him a kindred spirit. Possibly this explains why Croce has dedicated to him a study which is clearly the result, not of a short acquaintance, but of many years of reading.

We have space to touch on only a few points. We can but refer to Croce's grouping of the plays and his detailed examination of them, or to his analysis of the characters. Cordelia appeals to him as much as any of the women, and we should judge that "King Lear" and "Macbeth" were his favourite tragedies. But he loves the fat knight, and scouts the idea that his humour cannot be appreciated out of England; and we are glad to find him maintaining that Henry V's treatment of him is an æsthetic blunder which offends our moral sense and is a blot upon the king's character. In fact, Falstaff is sacrificed to a mistaken idea of popular morality, just as Hotspur is sacrificed to historical tradition.

This number also includes notes taken at the Shakespeare lectures of that great critic Francesco de Sanctis. Unfortunately, they are more fragmentary than most of

those which Croce has discovered and published, and in any case they are little more than an introduction to the subject. Nor does Croce forget that he is a Neapolitan. Shakespeare's allusions to his native city are carefully collected in "Shakespeare, Napoli e le commedie napoletane dell'arte," a paper in which he also elaborates his earlier notes on the signs of Neapolitan influence in "The Tempest," even in the names of Trinculo and Stefano, reference to which was made in an earlier number of THE ATHENÆUM. And there is, as usual, a good bibliographical review.

L. C.-M.

CARNAVAL MACABRE: ROMAN. Par Paul Emile Cadilhac. (Paris, Charpentier. 3fr. 50.)—How is a funeral to be paid for if you have no money? The heroine of M. Cadilhac's novel is too proud to go straight to the Mairie to get the necessary papers. She goes with a long, impossible story to the largest undertaker in the town; she is shown the most imposing funeral "properties." She is made dimly aware of vast store-rooms filled with crape hangings, and she tries to arrange for a smart funeral and pay for it afterwards. Unfortunately the *contremaitre* of the establishment insists on being paid in advance, and when she admits that she has no money, he refuses even the cheapest funeral without it; let her go to the "Assistance" or the Mairie or . . . Valentine goes to the Mairie; but the Mairie is, of course, a Government office, the thing cannot be arranged as quickly as all that; and she is passed on from department to department. Suddenly the midday gun is fired, and the Mairie is closed for the day. It is Carnival time, and there is no chance of anything more being done for the present. The Carnival absorbs everyone's attention; and all the time, in a servant's room at the top of a large hotel, lie the poor remains which no one will bury.

Such is M. Cadilhac's material, but he hardly succeeds in making the situation convincing. The undertaker's *contremaitre*, a sort of Scarpa, is neither interesting nor revolting. His passions are not monstrous or devilish, as they are in Sardou's story, and not even a Puccini, who doubly dotted all his emotions, could make him anything but a dull, pompous little man. Valentine, the heroine, has no very clearly defined personality, and rarely holds the stage for more than a few moments; and no one in the book possesses a grain of humour. Think of Mr. Arnold Bennett in a provincial undertaker's!

COMMENT UTILISER LA GUERRE POUR FAIRE LE MONDE NOUVEAU. Par Dr. E. Toulouse. (Paris, Renaissance du Livre. 5fr.)—Those who are accustomed to looking in the windows of French bookshops, or of rummaging in the book-seller's stock, must be familiar with the name of Dr. Toulouse. He is always writing suggestive little manuals with the object of making life easier and more interesting, or of teaching people to think or to look after their health. And besides this, he is the author of a number of serious studies of social questions, such as "Les conflits intersexuels et sociaux" and the "Enquête médico-psychologique sur la supériorité intellectuelle." His new book is an attempt to discover what lessons are to be learned from the experiences of the last five years. Here are the facts of war, he says; what are we going to do about them? It has been a tragic experience for everyone; surely a new world will be born from it? That depends, of course, on individuals. New worlds are not born; they are made by the foresight or incompetence of a few not very young men under the pressure of public opinion. Dr. Toulouse admits that incompetent officials must be got rid of as far as possible: "What the war has condemned for ever are forms of government in which authority is given to those privileged by fortune, favour or birth, or to those politicians, officials and soldiers who are as incapable as they are tragic." He is quite definite about the only safety for the future. It lies in a real league of nations—not the kind embodied in the treaty of Versailles, but a league approaching that which was first seriously considered in this country by Mr. Lowes Dickinson. The new world is going to be made by everyone; and that is why the individual must prepare himself, and educate himself, for taking his part in it. He could not do better than begin his education with Dr. Toulouse's book.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Thibault (Henry), ed. *LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE*. Prefaced and edited by Henry Thibault. Watkins, 1919. 7½ in. 179 pp. ind., 5/ n. 133.9

These missives, which deal not only with spiritual themes, but also with numerous current mundane topics, and include references to "spirit-doggies" and the "Angels of Mons," are alleged to have been received from an unnamed "Communicating Spirit," through the method of automatic writing, by two anonymous persons—A.B., the questioner, and C.D., the lady amanuensis. The foreword is from the pen of the Rev. W. F. Cobb, who states that he is prepared to vouch that the reader "may trust the accuracy and honesty of the amanuensis, even though he may doubt her explanation."

200 RELIGION.

Böhme (Jacob). *SIX THEOSOPHIC POINTS*; and other writings. Translated by John Rolleston Earle. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 216 pp., 10/6 n. 189.9

Pfleiderer in his history of religion gives a very just account of the merits and defects of Jacob Böhme as a religious philosopher. That he was a man endowed with extraordinary powers of thought anyone who has taken the trouble to read his work, and has seen the flashes of intellectual writing that burst, every now and then, from its troubled darkness, will agree. He failed to be a great philosopher because he was unable to express his thoughts. He was perpetually getting entangled in words; he would make use of metaphors and analogies to be led away and deceived by these children of his own essentially poetical brain. In the Six Points translated in the present volume Böhme explains the relation of the three principles that underlie the universe. There is much that is suggestive in what he says of the wedding of the principles of love and will, light and fire; but here, as usual, he gets mixed in his own metaphors, and takes light and fire as though they were real and not poetical images. In this way the man who might, if he had been able to express himself, have written a great systematic work on ethics and religion wanders off aimlessly into the realms of fancy.

***Church of England**. *TOWARDS REUNION*: being contributions to mutual understanding by Church of England and Free Church writers. Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 416 pp. app., 7/6 n. 283
See review, p. 686.

***Croft (Herbert)**. *THE NAKED TRUTH*. Published anonymously by Herbert Croft, Lord Bishop of Hereford in 1675. Reprinted with an Introduction by Herbert Hensley Henson, Lord Bishop of Hereford. Chatto Windus, 1919. 8 in. 156 pp. por. bibliog., 5/ n. 283

The author of this plea for toleration in the government of the Church of England was son of Sir Herbert Croft, who had become a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. When twenty-three years old, the son followed the father, and was admitted into the Roman Communion. Morton, Bishop of Durham, a great recoverer of lapsed Anglicans, not long afterwards re-converted him, and by Laud's advice Herbert Croft matriculated at Oxford as a member of Christ Church. In 1636 he was allowed to precede B.D. Croft became Dean of Hereford, and at the Restoration was nominated to the Bishopric of Hereford, which had been refused by Baxter. Bishop Croft excelled as a preacher, and was

"very friendly and loving to his clergy." Affectionate by disposition, he was nevertheless "dictatorial and prejudiced," and his concessions to Nonconformity "implied no weakening of his Royalist convictions." He violently disliked Popery, fear of which, as well as "a clear sense of the spiritual destitution of his diocese," "carried Bishop Croft into the camp of the moderates." He advocated a policy of reasonable comprehension, which, in the opinion of the writer of the introduction, "might have satisfied the majority of the Nonconformists, and made the Church of England genuinely national." "The decline of sectarianism," says Bishop Henson, "has brought the . . . policy of comprehension again within the sphere of serious consideration." But denominational vested interests, the Bishop remarks, are "far more formidable obstacles to religious unity in England than discordant convictions."

Leo of Assisi (Brother). *THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION*: to wit, the Blessed Francis of Assisi. With a Preface by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. Burns & Oates [1919]. 6½ in. 244 pp. ind. 2/6 n. 271.3

Dating in all probability from the end of the thirteenth century or the beginning of the fourteenth century, this work was compiled from earlier documents with the object of setting forth what the writer and others of like mind believed to be the true life of a Friar Minor, according to the intentions of Francis of Assisi. The compiler almost certainly had in his hands a copy of the writings of Brother Leo and of other companions of St. Francis.

McClure (Mrs. M. L.) and Feltoe (Charles Lett). *THE PILGRIMAGE OF ETHERIA* ("Translations of Christian Literature: series 3, Liturgical Texts"). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 151 pp. il. ind., 6/ n. 281.1
See notice, p. 686.

Müller (Max). *THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND RELIGION*: an aftermath from the writings of the Right Hon. Professor Max Müller. Ed. by his wife. Constable [1919]. 7 in. 244 pp., 3/ n. 204

A new edition of the aphorisms collected by Mrs. Max Müller from the works, published and unpublished, and letters of her husband. Max Müller's strong faith in the ultimate goodness and moral orderliness of the universe is illustrated in almost every one of these extracts.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Booth (Meyrick). *SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION IN GERMANY*. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8½ in. 36 pp. paper, 1/ n. 309.44

Brief though it may be, this study of the enlightened efforts Germany has been making, under the stress of war and the results of war, to build up a new social structure better adapted to the present and the future, is of the highest interest. Long before the war, under the shadow of the Empire, German life was "taking on more and more the form of the co-operative commonwealth." Stern necessity has now accelerated the process and enforced a break with the old order. The dominant ideal of social reconstruction "is the organism, and not free will; reason, and not the blind struggle for existence." Socialization saved the life of the people during the war; and leading thinkers are now showing how to apply it in all directions, so as to build up a social system ensuring "the general economic and cultural elevation of the community, and especially of those classes who, in a purely competitive society, would speedily be driven to the wall." Mr. Booth gives a mass of recent information on all these developments, mainly under the heads of Education, the Family, Guild Socialism, and Social Ideals, and compresses further facts and statistics into an appendix. His pamphlet is more instructive on social problems in general than many a book containing hundreds of pages.

***Burns (C. Delisle)**. *POLITICAL IDEALS*: an essay. 3rd ed. Milford, 1919. 6½ in. 357 pp. apps. ind., 4/ n. 301

The first and second editions of this critical conspectus of political ideals from Greek and Roman times to the rise of modern Socialism came out during the war, and now Mr. Burns reissues the book with two new chapters on Democracy and the League of Nations. "We are at the crossways," he writes, "and progress is not inevitable. . . . If . . . the peoples of the world are persuaded to prepare for more civilized wars, these chapters will be out of place, since democracy and the league may be only words to cover the passions

of a mob of traditional diplomacy." At present he discerns only a tendency towards democracy. "In no country in the world has democracy ever yet existed." He traces the history of the theory of a League of Nations, and says of the present attempt: "There is good reason to suppose that we shall succeed where our forefathers have failed . . . and the ideal of a League will certainly survive the defects of its first embodiment."

Cunningham (Granville C.). WAKE UP, ENGLAND! King, 1919. 7½ in. 126 pp. app. 354.4

The author of "A Scheme for Imperial Federation" (1895) pleads with renewed ardour for the preservation of the Empire by the establishment of a Supreme Chamber—"the ancient Parliament at Westminster" freed from the trammels of local affairs by the formation of provincial legislatures—and by developing the resources of the Empire so as to make it self-dependent in regard to food and raw materials. The book is short, but sets forth the details with much elaboration, though it evades many formidable difficulties and objections.

Dauzat (Albert). LÉGENDES, PROPHÉTIES ET SUPERSTITIONS DE LA GUERRE. Paris, La Renaissance du Livre, 78, Bd. Saint-Michel [1919]. 7½ in. 283 pp. paper, 5 fr. 398.2

It is well known that seasons of public trouble, and especially periods of war, strongly react on people of emotional temperament and feeble mental powers. An inevitable result is that false statements, baseless legends, and informal rumours spread to an extraordinary extent; collective and individual hallucinations are not infrequent; and irrational beliefs in apparitions, omens, prophetic visions, amulets, talismans, and mascots are met with on every side. The author has kept a record of such manifestations of war-time superstitions. M. Dauzat regards newspapers as among the most active disseminators of legends; and he refers to the intentional nurture of popular misconceptions by agents of governing authorities, as well as by religious, political, and social groups. Tatlers, braggarts, and agitated or hysterical persons are among those who spread untrustworthy news; and many soldiers and fugitives are prone to deceive or to be deceived. One of the apocryphal legends quoted by the author is the story of the "usine aux cadavres humains"—which arose out of a mistranslation of the German word "Kadaver." Another legend widely believed was that Lord Kitchener had survived from the wreck of the "Hampshire." Some psychological experts regard as a collective hallucination the alleged appearance of angels to British soldiers in the course of the retreat from Mons. Persistent credence, it will be recalled, was lent in this country to the statement that Russian troops had been secretly transported across England during the early days of the war; and variants of the legend seem to have flourished in France. M. Dauzat's book is crowded with instances of war-time superstitions, some of them half-playful—such as "Rintintin," "Nénette," and "Roudoudou," little Parisian fetishes which were supposed to protect the wearers from Gothas, and soon became quite "the mode." The author considers that the wooden statues of Hindenburg and Von Tirpitz (the latter only a symbolical board into which people hammered nails) descended in a direct line from the primitive cult of the fetish tree.

Haynes (E. S. P.). THE CASE FOR LIBERTY. Grant Richards, 1919. 9 in. 128 pp. ind., 6/ n. 323.44

Mr. Haynes is attached by many bonds of sympathy to the Belloc-Chesterton-*New Witness* group of political writers. Like them, he dislikes German thought, Fabianism and political corruption; he is, like them, an enthusiast for beer, France and liberty. But while, for Mr. Belloc, beer, France and liberty are somehow intimately connected with and, as it were, a part of the Roman Catholic religion, these good things are associated in Mr. Haynes's mind with militant agnosticism and easier divorce. Mr. Haynes's conception of liberty is genial and un-Puritanical. He is one of those of whom it may be said that "Off-Licence they mean when they cry Liberty." The pillars of society are made of glass, and labelled Pale Ale; and Pussyfoot, in laying sacrilegious paws on the bottle, runs the risk of bringing down the British Empire about his ears. Mr. Haynes puts his case against the politician, the bureaucrat and the "philanthropist" convincingly and with vigour, and most of us who are not Fabians will agree with his conclusion that he whittling away of personal liberty, with the corresponding

loss of personal responsibility, is one of the causes of the present anarchic condition of society.

Hughes (E. P.). THE EDUCATION OF A NATION. Black, 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. paper, 8d. 370.1

The lady who writes this booklet is a member of the Glamorgan Education Committee, and has studied education of all grades, both in the British Isles and abroad, for more than half a century. She surveys the whole field, and has much that is hopeful and stimulating to say on the ideals and the methods to be followed in training for full and responsible citizenship.

Lot (Ferdinand). ETUDE SUR LE LANCELOT EN PROSE ("Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes: Sciences Historiques et Philologiques," fasc. 226). Paris, Champion, 1918. 10 in. 456 pp. il. apps. paper, 27 fr. 398.2

This important treatise, relating to a work which exercised a profound influence upon English literature and was the forerunner of the romances of chivalry, deals with the question of the authorship of "Lancelot of the Lake"; the date of its composition, and the purpose of the author; the sources and construction of the work, and its merits and defects. The volume includes an analysis of the corpus "Lancelot-Graal," comprising "L'Estoire del saint graal," "Le Livre de Lancelot del Lac," "Les Aventures ou la Queste del saint graal," and "La Mort le roi Artus." M. Lot's researches have led him to the theory that, apart from "Merlin," the corpus Lancelot-Graal is the work of one author. Under an apparent diversity, it presents a unity of conception and a definiteness of plan. It is not the most perfect of the romantic and mystical works of the French *moyen âge*, but it is the most powerful. A review will appear.

***Todd (John Allon).** THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE: a handbook of currency, banking, and trade, in peace and in war. Milford, 1919. 8 in. 287 pp. diag. apps. ind., 7/6 n. 332

In writing this book Prof. Todd tried to carry out a cherished idea of showing how economics ought to be taught to the elementary student and the plain man. The first edition appeared in 1917; the present contains new matter, chiefly in the chapter on "Further Effects of the War" and in the revision of the statistical appendix. The war chapter deals with the rise of prices, the question of a return to gold, international currency and the League of Nations, and the possible effect of such an international paper currency on the quantity theory of prices.

Webb (Beatrice). THE WAGES OF MEN AND WOMEN: SHOULD THEY BE EQUAL? Fabian Society and Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8½ in. 80 pp. paper, 1/ n. 331.2
See notice, p. 688

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Step (Edward). INSECT ARTIZANS AND THEIR WORK. ("Hutchinson's Nature Library"). Hutchinson [1919] 8 in., 328 pp. il. ind., 7/6 n. 595.7

The author discourses pleasantly upon "wax-workers" (bees), "tailors" (such as the caddis fly, and the housewife's *bête noire*, the clothes moth), "masons" (the termites, or white ants), "paper-makers" (wasps), "lamp-bearers" (like the glow-worm, *Lampyrus noctiluca*, and the Italian firefly, *Luciola italica*—which, by the way, are beetles), sanitary officers (various species of flies), and the like. "Burglars" are included in the list of artisans! Mr. Step endeavours to remove some of our prejudices. The wasp, it seems, is "one of the most useful and harmless of insects." Its "one great defect," says Mr. Step, is that it "does not store up honey or wax that could be raided by man and turned to a profit expressed in £.s.d. The unceasing good the wasp does to man all the summer by destroying millions of his insect foes does not count." Even the house fly, "the disseminator of germs," is not an entirely abandoned creature. For the individual the harm he does may be greater than the good; for the race the latter may predominate. We do not observe a reference to that curious insect, the praying mantis. As a ruthless freelance, he is certainly difficult to class. The illustrations in the book are attractive as well as numerous.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Berry (W.H.). THE NEW TRAFFIC (AIRCRAFT). Hurst & Blackett [1919]. 8 in. 192 pp., 3/6 n. 629.13

"Aircraft engines have much in common. They class with sewing-machines and typewriters." Such is the heading of one of Mr. Berry's short chapters, which are written in a clear, untechnical way to show the average man what he will soon be able to do if he wishes to keep an aeroplane; and use it for business trips and week-ending. Mr. Berry describes how to learn flying, the different points of engines, costs of purchase and maintenance, the rules of the air, and everything that the airman will need to know about flying in peace-time. He also has chapters on airships, a postal service and transport system by air, and public aerodromes. It is a thoroughly practical manual.

***Bower (F. O.), Kerr (J. Graham), and Agar (W. E.).** LECTURES ON SEX AND HEREDITY: delivered in Glasgow, 1917-18. Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 125 pp. il. ind., 5/ n. 612.6 & 575.1

That the essential feature of sexuality, in animals and plants, consists in the fusion (syngamy) of two sexual cells (gametes) to form a new cell (zygote), is generally recognized; and that heredity is a fact (although the sexually produced offspring practically always differs to some extent from each of its parents) is equally well known. Information relating to these and cognate subjects will be found in the admirable lectures of Professors Bower and Kerr and Mr. Agar, which are expressed in clear and, so far as may be, non-technical language. The increase of numbers by fission, or budding, and the effect of a fixed position on plant sexuality, are predominant themes in the first two lectures. The reproductive processes in animals, and the evolutionary modifications which have adapted these processes to a terrestrial as distinguished from an aquatic existence, are dealt with in the third and fourth lectures. The theories of Darwin, Galton, and Weismann, and Gregor Mendel's law, form the subject-matter of the fifth lecture. The concluding discourse has for its topic the inheritance of characteristics by man.

700 FINE ARTS.

White (Charles). ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN ("Memorials of London," 2). Underground Railways and London General Omnibus Co., Electric Railway House, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1. [1919]. 9 in. 12 pp. il. paper, free. 735

This well-produced brochure is a serviceable, descriptive guide to the thirty-two statues of famous British painters, architects, sculptors, and craftsmen—the last-named including printers and workers in metal and wood—to be seen on the walls of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The author accurately designates the series of statues as "unique among the memorials of London." He remarks that only two of the public monuments which have been set up about the streets of London commemorate artists—the statue of Millais outside the Tate Gallery, and the medallion of Rossetti at Chelsea. To these might be added the memorial to Onslow Ford at St. John's Wood; and we believe that a memorial of Whistler, by Rodin, is to be placed in the gardens of the Chelsea Embankment. The statues of artists and craftsmen on the walls of the Victoria and Albert Museum range from St. Dunstan ("craftsman"), of the tenth century, to Watts, Morris, and Sir C. Barry of our own age. Cosway, A. Stevens, Caxton, Tompion, George Heriot, Grinling Gibbons, Josiah Wedgwood, and Chippendale, are among those included. Of considerable interest are the short biographical accounts which accompany the reproductions of photographs of the statues, taken by Messrs. Walsham.

POETRY.

Craigie (W. A.), ed. THE MAITLAND FOLIO MANUSCRIPT: containing poems by Sir Richard Maitland, Dunbar, Douglas, Henryson, and others, vol. 1 (Scottish Text Society, new series, no. 7). Edinburgh, the Society, 1919. 9 in. 472 pp. il. inds. paper. 821.2
See review, p. 685.

Houghton (Claude). THE TAVERN OF DREAMS: a volume of verse. Grant Richards, 1919. 8 in. 87 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

No poet should be allowed to use the word "dreams" except in the most strictly scientific and Freudian sense of the term. A century of abuse has given this unhappy word a flavour that is peculiarly sickly. In minor poetry the stuff that dreams are made of is generally poor stuff; and when it is mixed, as in the present volume, with pixies, elfin music and the thin-blooded satyrs of sham classical pantheism it is most melancholy.

Legge (J. G.). ECHOES FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 62 pp. paper. 884.9

Mr. Legge's echoes from the Anthology are perhaps a little too sweet and romantic like the reverberations of the Alp-horn among the crags of Grindelwald. The clear tones of the original are somewhat blurred in the echo; but who could hope to recapture so elusive a melody? Mr. Legge's version, neat, elegant and literary as it is, may not be perfect; but it is certainly better than most attempts at verse-translations from classical poetry.

Nichols (Robert). INVOCATION AND PEACE CELEBRATION HYMN FOR THE BRITISH PEOPLES. Henderson, 1919. 9 in. 12 pp. paper, 1/ n. 821.9
See notice, p. 681.

Whitham (C. D.). SAGAS AND SAYINGS, ENGLISH AND FRENCH. Liverpool, Young & Sons, 1919. 6½ in. 54 pp. paper, 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Whitham's book is a strange, an almost disquieting phenomenon. We are entirely at a loss to know what it is all about. The "Saga of Olaf-Andrew of Scotland" contains at least one very lucid couplet in the midst of much obscurity:

For them did milk the place of liquor fill
Till one cursed monk found whisky in the still;

but even this does not altogether reassure us. And when, a little later, we come to the author's French productions we are paralysed with astonishment and perplexity. Mr. Whitham's French is very individual. These lines:

Moi, l'ainé, passe a Dieu, le Dieu des Celtes,
Très ami de les nôtres, un ennemi
Contre tous les noirs,

are characteristic of his peculiar idiom. It is all very peculiar

FICTION.

Adair (Cecil). THE CACTUS HEDGE. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/ n.

A readable story of a young woman of Flemish extraction who marries the son and heir of a French nobleman, and passes some years of wretchedness in consequence. The husband dies; and after her little son has been adopted by the grandfather, the heroine, who is a fine character, marries again. The novel would have been more pleasant to read if the author had refrained from attempting so frequently to reproduce French idioms in English.

***Conrad (Joseph).** WITHIN THE TIDES ("The Wayfarer's Library," 106). Dent [1919]. 7 in. 288 pp. front., 2/ n.

Hobson (Mrs. Corali). THE REVOLT OF YOUTH. Werner Laurie [1919]. 7½ in. 248 pp., 6/ n.

The most prominent feature of this story is the account—graphic, and in some respects painful—of the sordid lives led by the members of a theatrical touring company. Feminist views are largely reflected in the book, which is well worth reading.

Milton (C. R.). THE EYES OF UNDERSTANDING. Melrose, 1919. 7½ in. 311 pp., 6/ n.

This is an incisive picture of society in India, where the heroine becomes superintendent of a training college, and finds herself face to face with a mélange of unrest, attempted revolution, and official muddling. A "neagnostic" colony, native agitation, and several types of Indian Civil Servants figure in the story.

Roberts (Theodore Goodridge). *THE EXILED LOVER.* Long [1919]. 8 in. 320 pp.

Martinique and French Canada early in the eighteenth century are the principal scenes of this romance of love and adventure, with pirates and privateers, friends and enemies of the French King, backwoodsmen and Indians.

Roche (Arthur Somers). *PLUNDER* ("The Wayfarers' Library," 118). 7 in. 206 pp. front., 2/.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c. Hough (Walter). *EXPLORATION OF A PIT HOUSE VILLAGE AT LUNA, NEW MEXICO* (Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum, vol. 55). Washington, Government Printing Office, 1919. 10 in. 34 pp. il. paper. 913.789

These pit dwellers lived, at a date not yet determined, in the high mountains at the head of the San Francisco River. Their huts may be compared and contrasted in many particulars with prehistoric pit dwellings traceable in Britain; so also may the implements, pottery, hearths, and other remains of a very primitive culture, much more primitive than that of the dwellers in the stone pueblos.

Wade (Hon. Sir Charles Gregory). *AUSTRALIA: PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS.* Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 9 in. 111 pp. paper. 7/. 919.4

The Agent-General and late Premier of New South Wales delivered the matter of this book as a series of lectures at University College, London. Believing that "the next few years will be the critical period in developing the future relationship of the Mother Country and her Dominions," he offers this authoritative account of the climate and resources, the industrial, social, and political conditions, and forecasts of the future. He is an optimistic advocate of Federation, but pleads for more knowledge and sympathy. His chapters on industrial problems and State undertakings will be read with interest. The industrial arbitration courts were a poor success, and Governmental control of prices was a failure. Australia, on the other hand, provides an encouraging object lesson in the construction and control of public works and utilities. Sir C. P. Lucas contributes the preface.

930-990 HISTORY.

Canada. *GENERAL SURVEY OF CANADA'S REPATRIATION PLANS.* Prepared by Repatriation Committee Ottawa. Ottawa, Repatriation Committee 1919. 9½ by 12 in. 58 pp. 26 charts, paper. 971

The problem of reconstruction now confronting the world is to a great extent social and economic. Two related aspects of the question are the conditions of the labour market which may arise from industrial dislocation, and the absorption of discharged soldiers into civilian life and occupations. The publication before us embodies an informative summary of the methods of dealing with these matters which have been adopted in the Dominion of Canada, together with a number of illustrative charts which add considerably to the usefulness.

Keltie (Sir John Scott) and Epstein (M.), edd. *THE Statesman's Year-Book: statistical and historical annual of the States of the world for the year 1919.* Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 1,528 pp. map, ind., 18/ n. 909

The present issue of this always welcome book of reference bears striking testimony to the rapid growth of democratic ideas. We had become used to reading of the "Chinese Republic," but that quite elderly infant is now accompanied by a small crowd of younger sisters: the Republic of Czechoslovakia, the Polish Republic, the "Hungarian Soviet Republic," "Die Deutsche Republik," and "Die Republik Deutschösterreich." In addition, there is the somewhat nebulous "Russian Federative Republic," which is seemingly represented by twenty separate State formations, "the relationship of which to the Bolshevik Government is uncertain." The positions in Finland and Jugo-Slavia are still apparently unsettled. Under "Russia" is a summary of the history of the changes in the form of government since the *coup d'état* of March 12, 1917. The Workman's and Peasants' (Bolshevik) Government, we read, "has not been recognized by the British Government." The Russian Administration is stated to have abolished private ownership of land; and all forests, mines, factories, railways, and other means of production and transport, are national property. The Church is disestablished, and the Gregorian Calendar

has been adopted "as from February 14, 1918." It is noteworthy that, "in order to protect the conquests of the Great Revolution of workers and peasants, universal military service is incumbent on all citizens. The privilege of defending the Revolution with arms is, however, reserved for the labouring classes only: the non-labouring sections of the population will discharge other military duties." The text is accompanied by an excellent political sketch map, provisionally illustrating the recent partition of Europe.

Pieris (P. E.). [*Deraniyagala Samarasinha Sriwardhana.*] *CEYLON AND THE HOLLANDERS, 1658-1796.* Ceylon, Tellippalai, American Ceylon Mission Press, 1918. 94 in. 197 pp. front. map. bibliog. 954.8

See review, p. 684.

Webster (Nesta H., Mrs. Arthur). *THE FRENCH REVOLUTION a study in democracy.* Constable 1919. 9 in. 534 pp. bib. app., 21/ n. 944.0

Quoting Lord Cromer, Mrs. Webster writes, "As to a real history of the French Revolution, no such thing exists in the English language." Nor does she think there are many veracious examples in French. "Michelet was a Dantoniste, Louis Blanc a Robespierrieste; Lamartine was a Girondiste; Thiers and Mignet were Orléanistes" and so on—all in a conspiracy to suppress the facts and to make out that their particular heroes were statesmanlike reformers and other people guilty of all the crimes. "So far no one has written the history of the movement from the point of view of the people themselves." This Mrs. Webster essays to do by prologuizing that the mainsprings of the Revolution were the Orléanist intrigue to change the dynasty; the intrigue of the Subversives—one of these called himself "Sparatacus" but the name "Bolshevik" was not yet available—to destroy all religion and government; the Prussian intrigue to break the Franco-Austrian alliance and a plot of English revolutionaries against their own and the French Government. Authorities are cited in footnotes. Though so controversial the book is thrown into a straightforward narrative style and is eminently readable. Mrs. Webster is already known by her study "The Chevalier de Boufflers" and understands how to paint character especially to glorify her heroes and anathematize a villain.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Canada. *CANADA'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR.* Ottawa, Department of Public Information, January, 1919. 6½ in. 64 pp. paper. 940.9

A succinct account of the military, naval, industrial, financial and other efforts made by the Dominion. Numerous statistical tables are included, and some of the figures are very striking. For instance, the total number of men enlisted in Canada from the beginning of the war to November 15, 1918, was no fewer than 595,441. The total casualties were 218,433. The value of "munitions and materials" exported from Canada during the war period to December 31, 1918, amounted to \$1,002,672,413.

Davis (William Stearns), in collaboration with Anderson (William) and Tyler (Mason, W.). *ARMED PEACE: a non technical history of Europe, 1870-1914.* Heinemann, 1919. 9 in. 399 pp. maps, app. ind., 10/6 n. 940.9

We know Dr. W. S. Davis as an American historical novelist, and no doubt to him is due the readability of this book. The main thesis is that the calamity of 1914 was the direct result of the German aggressive war and peace of 1870-71, the "unsatisfactory truce" imposed by Beaconsfield and Bismarck on the Near East in 1878 being a contributing factor. But the authors do not seem to read the historical situation always aright. Thus they assume a continuity of German policy, or at any rate of political methods and ideas, from the Bismarck régime to the outbreak of the great war. But there was a completely new orientation after the secession of William II. They also adduce as evidence of Bismarck's Machiavellian conduct reports of such conversational vivacities as his remark to the Dutch envoy that he would rather annex Holland to Germany, and his assurance to Beust that he would greatly prefer to annex the German provinces of Austria. Statements in one part of the book correct the tenor of chapters elsewhere, and the significance of Bismarck's indifference to Balkan problems is not sufficiently appreciated.



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